Old, Unfinished
Stories of Mine.

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Old, Unfinished Stories of Mine.

By himynameisashley

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Table of Contents

1. My Three Immortal Boys 7

2. My Three Immortal Boys (Chap.2) 13

3. My Three Immortal Boys (Chap.3) 21

4. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend 31

5. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap.1) 35

6. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap.2) 43

7. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap.3) 51

8. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap.4) 59

9. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 5) 69

10. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 6) 77

11. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap.7) 83

12. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap.8) 87

13. How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap.9) 93

14. My Heart Belongs to a Wolf (Chapter 1) 101

15. My Heart Belongs to a Wolf (Chapter 2.) 113

16. My Heart Belongs to a Wolf (Chapter 3) 123

17. Help! Charecter Ideas for The Leapers. Got one? 129

18. The Leapers (Prologue) 131

19. The Leapers *Chap. 1 135

20. The Leapers *Chap. 2 141

21. The Leapers *Chap. 3 149

22. The Leapers *Chap.4 161

23. The Leapers *Chap. 5 169

24. The Leapers *Chap. 6 179

25. The Leapers *Chap. 7 187

26. The Leapers *Chap. 8 193

27. The Leapers *Chap. 9 203

28. The Leapers *Chap.10 211

29. The Leapers *Chap. 11 225

Chapter 1

My Three Immortal Boys

1.

I creaked down the stairs as fast as I could, hoping and praying neither my father nor any of his guards would see me. Nelly was downstairs waiting for me; I couldn't leave her waiting. One of the stairs I stepped on was abnormally squeaky, making me tense up; ready to be caught. But nobody heard, nobody came. I quickly exhaled, then finished the stairs and ran to the cupboards. Nelly couldn't have normal food, being an angel after all. Meat always made her puke; it was fruit that she wanted.

I grabbed her an apple and two bananas, then moved on to the werewolves. They on the other hand loved meat. I pulled out the six Whoppers I'd bought earlier for them, and dropped them into my bag. The Demons were next. Well, Demon would be more specific, since one of them died a few weeks ago. I grabbed him some chips and a burger, since Demons have taste buds similar to a humans. Last but not least, Vampire. We had no more emergency blood, so when I walked into The Cell Room, I felt horribly guilty. Here I was giving all the others something to eat, but nothing for him.

"Madison!" Nelly's high pitched voice cried. She was still only eight; it was cruel to do tests on her. She had beach blonde curly hair that went to her chest, and pretty sky blue eyes. She was wearing the lab outfit; white button up shirt and white slacks with white socks and white shoes.

"SHH!" I quietly told her, putting my finger up to my lips. She seemed to understand, though she still ran up to me, as best as she could. All 5 of them were trapped behind bars. One vampire, two werewolves,

one demon, and of course one angel, Nelly. My father kept them in prison cells when he wasn't doing tests on them.

I handed Nelly her fruit through the bars, watching as she chomped right into her apple. Next I handed The Demon his burger and chips. His face was expressionless, not showing any hint of emotion. He'd been like this the whole time, though, so it's not like I didn't expect it. The Demon had dark brown hair, brown eyes, and was, when standing, around 6 ft. He had on the same thing as the rest of them; the Lab outfit.

Next I went to the werewolves' sell. They immediately jumped up, grabbed the Whoppers out of my hands, and tore right into them. I watched the two gobble them down, seeing the older looking one give me an appreciate nod. Not a smile, but a nod. It was better than nothing.

The two of them had light brown shaggy hair and pretty green eyes. Their faces were similar; I wouldn't be surprised if they were brothers. The older one stood at about 5'11, and the other at 5'9.

Last but not least, I walked to the Vampires cell, frowning all the way there. He was sitting in the far back corner, his blonde hair messy and pointing in every direction. His eyes were glowing a bright mahogany, and his skin was pale and chalky; he was definitely thirsty.

I spoke up for the first time. "We ran out of emergency blood," I told him, making him look up at me. And then he was right in front of me, grasping the bars and trying to break free. He yelled out in frustration, and eventually gave up. My dad had created a compound so strong, not even a vampire could break through it. Of course, I didn't know what that compound was.

He fell to the floor, his breath coming in quick, shallow gasps. I felt tears trickle down my face watching this. I so badly wanted to break all of them free! But what would happen to me afterwards? My dad would surely kill me.

Before I knew what I was doing, I reached my hand through the cell, tracing his cheek with my palm. I felt him shiver beside me, making me shiver too. "Go

ahead," I whispered, my fingers shaking along with the rest of me.

"You would risk your own life to save a vampire?" He asked, his tone mixed between grateful and surprised.

"That's put it this way. You kill me, and you die too. You will have no way of escaping without me."

It wasn't until now that I noticed we had an audience. Everyone else in the room was watching.

He sat up, tracing my wrist with both of his thumbs. "Are you really okay with this?" He asked me. I nodded, trying my best to give him a reassuring smile.

Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my wrist, making me gasp. His hands gripped my arm roughly, causing even more pain to appear. I started to cry again, and this time it was not quietly. Sobs broke through my chest, causing me to feel short of breath.

After a few seconds I started to get light headed, and my arm started to feel numb. The pain subsided away, and in it's place; nothing.

I could hear my heart throb in my chest. My mind was racing, wondering when he would stop. The color had returned to his skin, and his eyes were now a sparkly hazel, which reminded me of my mom.

He finally let go, pushing my arm away before he took anymore. He was breathing loudly and grasping the roots of his own hair.

I lay there for a long time, on the cold, hard ground. I didn't have enough energy to get up, and write now I didn't really want to. At this moment, I felt at peace with myself. I could finally say I helped someone.

Chapter 2

My Three Immortal Boys (Chap.2)

2.

"Are you okay, Madison?" The vampire asked me, intently staring down at me.

I gulped. Not because I was afraid, but because I was shocked. He actually called me by my name! "Yeah," I whispered in a shaky tone.

"My name is Luke," he told me, grinning a big, cheesy smile.

I smiled back at him. "Luke," I repeated quietly to myself.

"Thank you. It's been a very long time since I had fresh human blood."

I chuckled. "Yeah, I can imagine."

"Why are you different than the others?" He asks, his tone nothing but serious. He'd inched his way closer to me. Now our faces were only inches apart, the only thing in the way were the Cell Bars.

"I don't know." I shook my head at him, but my response was still weak. But I was telling the truth. I had no idea why I cared about them. Why should I? This wasn't supposed to be their world; it was supposed to be the humans'.

His hands started to stroke my face, sending tingles all the way down my spine. No boy had ever touched me like that, human or vampire. He worked his way down to my neck, and then sighed. "If only I could've taken it out of your neck. It's much more pleasurable. For both sides of the bargain," he winks at me.

My cheeks flooded with blush. I had absolutely no experience when it came to boys. My father had built this "home" in the middle of a huge forest, and we

had no neighbors. I had been homeschooled since I was 9, and there were no men under 21 here. So I pretty much had I no friends, except Nelly.

"I need to get a band-aid," I said awkwardly. I stood up, my legs feeling wobbly, and attempted to walk out of the room. At the doorway, I lost my balance, and had to grab hold of the door so I wouldn't fall. I heard Luke chuckle behind me.

As soon as I got to the bathroom, I searched through the cupboards until I found a box of band-aids. I grabbed one out, ripped it out of the wrapper, and stuck it on my bleeding wrist.

My eyes moved to my reflection in the mirror, and for once in my life I was smiling. Uncontrollably smiling. And I knew why.

Helping all of them out made me happy. I felt passionate about it, like it was my duty to protect them. But wouldn't that mean that I would feel obligated to free them? Did I?

Yes.

I knew I had to do it sooner or later. I wouldn't be able to keep feeding them that much longer; my father was bound to notice the lack of food sometime. My hands started to shake in fear. What if I was too loud or too slow? What if they tried to kill me once they were let free?

I pushed all of those thoughts aside, and started towards my Father's room. Luckily, it was downstairs.

****

I creaked the door open and instantly heard my Father's quiet snore. His back was facing me, making my confidence level shoot up. As long as I could make it to the other side of his room and back without waking him, I would most likely have no problems setting everyone free.

I quietly started to tip toe across his floor, looking around for any obstacles I might have to face. But there were none. My Father always kept his room spotless, for reasons I don't know.

I reached the far wall, grabbed the key, and tip toed back out, closing his door as quietly as I could. I pressed my ear to the door, faintly hearing my Father; still sound asleep.

I sprinted back down to The Cell room, suddenly very eager to set them all free. I felt out of breath when I got there, but that sure wasn't going to stop me.

"Are you guys ready to leave?" I whispered, making all five of their faces light up.

First I ran to the Demon's cage, unlocking it and pushing the bars out of the way. "Thank you," he said quietly, brushing my arm with his fingers.

Next I went to Nelly, quickly opening her cage. She hopped into my arms, wrapping her tiny little arms around my neck. She kissed me on the cheek, and then asked "Will you come with us?"

"Am I welcome to?" I asked, looking at the boys. The older werewolf and The Demon nodded, and Luke just smiled at me.

I put Nelly down, and unlocked the other two cages.

"She will slow us down," The older werewolf stated.

"Then carry her!" Luke hissed.

The werewolf swooped me up bridal style, and before I knew it we were moving towards the exit. The door was so close, and soon enough, we were in the forest. The younger werewolf had phased, The Demon was carrying Nelly, and Luke was really fast, so the two of us were falling behind, since he was in his human form.

"What's your name?" I asked him quietly, knowing fully well that he can hear me.

"Chase. And my brother is Caleb," he told me, his response so final that I just stopped talking after that.

"If we are going to get out of here quick enough, I need to phase." He set me on the ground, then proceeded to pull of his shirt.

"W-what are you doing?" I asked, stuttering and sounding like a complete idiot.

He chuckles. "If you don't want to see, then turn around."

I quickly turned around, even though part of me wanted to keep looking. He was in great shape, but I guess that's expected of werewolves. His naturally tan skin made his body look even better; I was just a bit envious.

I felt warm breath against my neck, making me shiver in delight. "I forgot you humans were so modest," he laughs.

Blood rushed to my cheeks, but he never got the chance to notice. He had already phased and was nudging my elbow with his head. I picked up his pile of clothes, assuming he'd need them later, and climbed on his back.

The wind made me shiver, but his fur worked as a coat for me. He radiated off heat, and I wasn't complaining. My eyes hadn't fully adjusted to the lighting outside, so I really couldn't see anything. But judging by the wind blowing through my hair, I could tell we were going pretty fast.

We eventually caught up with the other four, and the six of us ran all through the night, and the morning, until our bodies couldn't take it anymore.

Chapter 3

My Three Immortal Boys (Chap.3)

3.

The sound of a little girl screaming caught my attention. It was coming from downstairs, that much I knew. My Father had tested on many creatures, but a young one? How far could he possibly go?

I threw my door open and ran down the stairs, taking them two at a time. I found my Father in his lab, along with a few of his guards. I noticed them to be Gail and Ian, a few of my father's favorites.

They had a little girl pinned down to an examining table, her wrists pinned by thick, metal handcuffs.

She had curly blonde hair and shimmery blue eyes. It's too bad those eyes were filled with tears....

"Dad!" I yelled. "This is wrong! Let her go!"

"She is the only Angel we could catch," My Father stated. As if that mattered!

"She's just a little girl, Dad," I told him, choking on my own words. He was torturing her for answers, for weaknesses of her kind.

"No, she's not!" He bellowed. "She's an abomination!"

"Let her go or I will never speak to you again!!!"

The little girl had blood trailing down her legs, and tears streaming down her cheeks. But she looked at least a little bit...hopeful?

My Father huffed. "Why are you so stubborn, Madison?"

"I should be asking you the same question," I said flatly.

He sighs. "Okay, Ian, Gail. I think that's enough for one night, eh?"

The two guards nodded, unlocking the poor girls handcuffs and exiting out the door. Shortly after, my Father followed them, leaving me alone with an Angel.

Her tiny body was shaking in fear, her hands covering her face. Small gasps escaped her through, eventually turning into sobs.

"Where did they hurt you?" I asked her in the most gentle voice I could come up with.

"J-j-just m-my-my leg," she managed to get out.

I grabbed some paper towels, got them wet in the sink, then grabbed one of those super big band-aids. I sat down next to her; she was still lying on her back.

"I'm gonna wipe the blood off, ok?" I told her. She nodded, biting her bottom lip and closing her eyes shut. She obviously didn't trust me, but was either to scared or to exhausted to protest.

"I waont hurt you," I whispered. "I'm not like them."

****

My eyes shot open; the first thing I saw was the canopy of the forest. Two strong arms were carrying me as if I were light as a feather. I looked up and saw that instead of Chase, this time, it was Luke.

My dream had been about Nelly. That was how we even became friends in the first place. I'd eventually convinced him to quit testing on her; he may be cruel, but he does have a heart. But as for the other 4, they were older, and they were GUYS. I'd tried to convince my dad to quit testing on them, too, but that never worked.

"Bad dream?" Luke asks me.

"No. Just-" I shake my head, biting my lip. "A memory."

"Of what?"

"Meeting Nelly."

He sighs. "You're the closest thing she has to a mom, you know?"

"What?" I ask, shocked. She had to have a mom! Or an aunt or grandma or at least somebody closer than me.

"Her grandma died before she was even born, and her mother was an only child. Her mom passed away just a few days before your father found her," He told me, sorrow deep in his voice.

I didn't know what to say after that, so I just didn't say anything. The silence wasn't awkward, but surprisingly nice.

"Where are the others?" I asked after awhile.

"They're about half a mile ahead. We'll catch up soon," he tells me.

"Where are we planning on going?"

"To Chase and Caleb's cabin. It's a long ways away from your house, but it is still in the forest. We'll have to keep a lookout until were all healed up. Then we will go to The Kingdom."

"Kingdom?" I question.

"It's where almost all of us so called "creatures" live. We like to think of it as our own private sanctuary; no humans know about it, other than you now," he says.

"Can I ask you something?" I suddenly blurt out, my lips moving before I even allowed them to do so.

"Sure."

"What did you Father do to you?" I ask him quietly.

His expression went blank; no emotion to tell me whether or not my question had offended him. "Forget it." I said. "Sorry I asked."

"No! He protested. "I'm sorry. It's just- your question just kinda took me off balance a little. But if you really want to know; well, he did a lot of things. Tested on me to see how long I could go without blood. But when he wanted answers- he burnt me, not usually, but sometimes. Most often he went with cutting."

"I'm so sorry, Luke," I whispered, my throat thick with sadness.

He raised his eyesbrows at me. "Why should you be sorry?"

"It was MY Father. I should've let you guys free quicker."

He ignored that comment. "Look," he said, nodding his head in the direction we were heading. He was now moving faster than he was when I'd first woken up.

I could faintly see three male figures in the distance; a small, wooden building behind them. A small movement caught my attention; I guessed it was Nelly.

When we finally got to where the other 4 were standing, Luke gently set me on my feet. "Took you guys long enough!" The Demon laughed.

"Well, Shane," Luke started. "I AM a bit tired."

So the Demons name was Shane?

"There's only 3 beds in the Cabin," Chase started to explain. "And there's two couches. Somebody needs to share."

"Me and Madison can share!" Nelly cheered out, swiftly jumping into my arms. I caught her, but she knocked the breath out of me. It was hard for me to carry her; after all I was only human.

"Is that okay with you?" Chase asks me.

"Yeah."

"Alright!" Shane cheered. "Somebody needs to go steal us some clothes, cause I'm not planning on wearing this for the rest of my life." He pointed at his outfit, which was now only the white pants. I couldn't help but ogle at his perfectly sculpted chest. Why were all these guys so perfect?

Luke faked a yawn. "I'm just gonna go to sleep now." He zoomed into the house, amazing me with his speed.

Shane looked to Chase and Caleb next. "I'm only 15, sorry," said Caleb, shrugging it off with a smug smile on his face.

"I'm not doing it," Chase said, making Shane groan.

"Fine. I'll do it!"

We all surprisingly laughed, and for once I felt like I belonged with them. Right here, right now. There wasn't any other place I'd rather be.

Chapter 4

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend

Prologue ;)

The very first day of High School is supposed to be scary, right? You're supposed to believe what all the books tell you; that all the Seniors will somehow find a way to torment you at any moment possible? It's supposed to be the most frightening day of your life. But not for me, with Jake by my side.

Jake and I have been best friends since we were in diapers. Our parents grew up together, and just happened to have two kids right around the same time. Jake's only 2 months older than me, but he

definitely doesn't act like it. He can be mature when he wants to be; which isn't very often.

He has dark brown hair, with pretty green eyes. He still hasn't gone through a growth spurt, and he's shorter than me; 5'7'. He wears average clothes for a guy; Normal t-shirts and jeans. He has a little muscle, and is in great shape.

Jake and I both really love baseball. We practice batting all the time with each other. He's better than me, of course, but it's still loads of fun. He wants to play on the school's varsity team one day, but is too afraid that people will make fun of him. Why? I have no idea.

"Nicky, let me see your schedule," Jake said, pulling my schedule out of my hands. I rolled my eyes.

"Health, Algebra, P.E..." He murmured to himself. He then sighs. "We have Spanish and P.E together." He hands me back my schedule.

I shrug. "That's alright, I guess."

"Yeah," he says. "Well, I gotta go find my homeroom. Text me!"

"Wait!" I yell, stopping him in his tracks. "Do I look alright?"

He looks me up and down twice, his eyes widening when they went over my chest. I tried my best to ignore that. "You look great, Nicky."

"Really?"

He nods.

"Alright!" I grin. "I'll see you in Spanish!"

"I'm counting on it!" He smirks. He flashed me a wink, making my cheeks flush a bright red. Oh, god. I really hope he did not notice that.

I watched him walk off, grinning from ear to ear. A small smile spread across my face, even though I honestly didn't feel all that happy. I couldn't help it! Jakes happiness seemed to radiate onto me, even in the worst of situations.

Little did I know, that THAT moment would be the last I would spend with Jake, for a very, very long time.

Chapter 5

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 1)

Chapter 1.

4 years later

I met Mandy and Josh, my two best friends, by their lockers. The two of them have the same homeroom teacher, so their lockers tend to be pretty close. Mine, on the other hand, is on the other end of the hall, next to Haley and Jakes. Bummer, huh?

The three of us walked together; Mandy and Josh hand in hand. Yes, they are going out! It took me such a long time to hook them up, but when I did they ended up being thankful. They've been going steady for almost a year now.

We all three stopped by the bathroom; Mandy and Josh were now in lovey dovey mode. We always waited here for the rest of our group. John, Cayla, Sam, Mark, Dillan, Jenny and Beth. John is the athlete of the group. He is tall with pale shaggy blonde hair, and a strong build. Him and Cayla, the redhead of the group, sadly just broke-up not that long ago, but are thankfully still friends. Mark and Dillan are the two smart guys, but not in a totally nerdy way. They both have dark brown hair and are about 5'10. Sam is the blonde of our group. She's short and sweet, and is almost always chewing bubble gum. Jenny and Beth are fraternal twins. Beth has black hair and green eyes, while Jenny has light brown hair and pretty blue eyes.

Mandy and Josh are almost exact opposites on the outside. Mandy loves black and skinny jeans. Josh loves red and regular jeans. Mandy is on the verge of goth, but not quite there. Josh is just an average guy. But the two of them connect so well emotionally that they look past all of that.

John showed up first, pulling me out of my misery. "Hey, Nicky," John smiled, picking me up in a hug. Yeah, he's strong enough to do that. I'm 5'7, 140 pounds, and yet he can pick me up!

I have to admit that I've always been attracted to John. A Lot. I never really thought about dating him or anything, but I can't say I'd mind it.....

I squealed. "Put me down!" I said while laughing.

"Never!" He yelled, his grip around me getting even tighter. Jenny and Beth showed up, the two of them smirking at us. Next came Mark and Dillan, who just shook their heads at us. Last came Sam, who was too focused on blowing pink bubbles to notice us.

Finally John set me down, his grin reaching from ear to ear. His breath washed over my neck, making me shiver in response.

"I have to go to my locker," I told everybody; breathless.

"I'll come with!"John exclaimed before anybody could say anything else.

John and I walked to my locker, talking about useless junk the whole way there. I saw two figures close by it, making out, and it didn't take me long to realize that it was Jake and Haley.

Ugh. Boy, do I hate the both of them! Ever since freshman year started, Haley has totally targeted me. Why? Who knows? She hates me, just because I'm hateable.

Jake got his growth spurt right at the beginning of freshman year. He went from a short, lanky boy, to a tall, muscular, man. All the girls totally wanted him, and he eventually figured that out. He stopped talking to me. He stopped looking at me. It was as if I had never been there, never been a part of his life.

He didn't make fun of me; there really is no reason to. I don't consider me ugly or fat, and I don't think anybody else does either. I have friends, so I'm for sure not a loner. I get good grades, but hey, that's so not a bad thing.

Jake just flat out ignores me. I don't even think he remembers I exist. But, since he's such a jerkwad now, I don't really mind it that much.

"Excuse me," I said to the two of them, making Jake look up.

Haley huffed. "What, loser?" She sneered.

"Your making out in front of my locker, skank," I retaliated.

She scowled at me. "Whatever. C'mon Jake. We can go find somewhere better."

He nodded, but not before glancing back at me. His eyes scanned my whole body; his eyebrows raised up In surprise.

Haley pulled him about 10 lockers down, then they started again.

"Nice," John commented.

I laughed. "I do what I have to."

"Your friend over there keeps looking back over at you," John told me, nodding his head towards Jake.

"First of all, he's not my friend. And second, I doubt he's looking at me." I looked over at Jake, seeing him and Haley molded against eachothers bodies. His

eyes were open, and they were staring straight at me. I shrugged. "Maybe he is."

John grinned. "I have an idea."

Jake P.O.V

Haley pulled my lips to hers, roughly forcing her tongue to mine. You know how it's usually the guy who starts things like this? Yeah, not this time.

My hands roamed her body, eventually staying firmly on her waist. She parted my lips, and I followed. That was how it was with her and me. It was like a game of Follow the Leader. She was leader, I was follower.

"Excuse me," A female voice said. I immeadiatly pulled away from Haley, and looked up to see a pretty brunette girl and some blonde guy from the basketball team. I recognized the girl to be Nicky.

"What, loser?" Haley sneered. God, she can be a bitch sometimes. But why should I care? She's hot.

"Your making out in front of my locker, skank," Nicky said, almost making me want to laugh. Not because it was funny, but because it was true.

"Whatever. C'mon Jake. We can go find somewhere better." Haley started to pull me away, but for some reason all I wanted to do was stay. My eyes unvoluntarily scanned over Nicky's figure.

She had matured a lot over the years. She had lost all of her baby weight, and finally grew a nice pair of boobs. Her curves were more noticeable than before, and her acne had finally cleared up, leaving her looking flawless.

Haley pulled me away, but I still couldn't help but look. She started to kiss me again, but I honestly wasn't interested what so ever.

Nicky and that blonde guy were talking, and smiling, and laughing. For some odd reason I felt jealous; really jealous. He leaned into her, and then they were kissing.

Chapter 6

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 2)

2.

Nicky's P.O.V

John and I put on a really good show, if I don't say so myself. And the thing is, when I kissed him, it definitely didn't feel like I was acting. It was easy to kiss him; addicting.

I felt Jakes eyes on us; I just knew he was looking. Suddenly, John removed his lips from mine, and moved them to my ear. "I think he's a little jealous," he whispered.

I giggled. "I hope he is," I whispered back, grabbing the ends of his T-shirt and pulling him closer. To an outsider, this would definitely look like we were flirting. But to us, it was a game.

The five minute bell rang, making the two of us jump. Then we laughed at each other. "See you at lunch!" John exclaimed, before running off to his first period class.

I quickly opened my locker, threw my backpack in, and ran off to first period; Trigonometry.

I made it in the classroom with a few minutes to spare. Only two seats were left; both of them next to this girl named Laura. She's really quiet and shy, and tends to keep to herself a lot.

I personally think she's gorgeous, though. It's so surprising how none of the guys around here see it.

I sat in the seat next to her, flashing a small smile in her direction. She ran her fingers through her black hair nervously, but then smiled back.

"I'm Nicky," I told her, my voice sounding abnormally happy. I guess I was just in a really good mood today.

"I'm Laura." Her voice was quiet and feminine.

"I know," I told her, but then desperately wished I could take it back. "Not that I'm a stalker, or anything. I'm just good at remembering names, I guess," I explained to her, hoping she would get it.

She laughed. "Don't worry. I knew your name too."

"Really?" I asked.

I sensed somebody sit in the seat next to me; the only one available, but ignored it.

"Yeah, I mean, you're kinda popular," she shrugged.

"Me?!" I exclaimed. Nobody had EVER called me popular before. But maybe that's because I'm not.

She rolled her eyes at me, but not in a bitchy way. It was more of a DUH gesture. "You were making out with one of the hottest guys from the basketball team today. And you have lots of friends."

I gasped; I guess me and John didn't realize that other people would have noticed us kissing, too. What would people think? Would Cayla be mad at me? I

mean, they only broke up a few weeks ago. Does that make me a slut?

"Um," I stuttered. "That was..... nothing."

She smiled and shook her head. "You guys would make a cute couple."

I grinned. "Yeah. You think so?"

She nods.

The final bell rang, and Mr. Baker started class. I looked over to my right, and saw that it was Mark who sat next to me.

Good, I thought. Somebody to help me with my work.

****

Later at Lunch-

John sat next to me. He's NEVER sat next to me at lunch. Sure, in class. But in lunch, never.

Cayla seemed to notice this. But, thankfully, instead of scowling at me, she just smiled. So that meant she was okay with it?

"So," John started, turning towards me. "I was wondering, if maybe this weekend-"

I felt something wet and squishy land on my head.

What the hell was that?

I lifted my hands to my head, and pulled a spaghetti noodle from my hair. Somebody was laughing behind me, and sadly, that laugh was very familiar.

Jake.

The whole cafeteria went silent; all eyes on me. I quickly stood up, grabbed my plate of mashed potatoes and gravy, and smashed it against his face.

When I removed the plate, his whole face was covered. He looked so funny, that I couldn't help but laugh. He, on the other hand, scowled.

Me, and the rest of the school, watched him start to walk away. I turned around to sit back down, when a biscuit flew right past my head, and hit Jeff, a guy from the wrestling team, right in the chest.

He glared at Jake, picked up his whole tray, and flung it across the room. And just like that, a gigantic food fight started.

Food flew everywhere, hitting the newly painted cafeteria walls. Mr. Frikwright would be hysterical.

I got hit with all sorts of things. Milk, pudding, pizza, you name it. By the time Mr. Frikwright finally stormed in, everybody was drenched.

"Stop!" He screeched, making everyone come to a complete halt. Nobody spoke, afraid that they would get in trouble.

"Who started this?" Mr.Frikwright yelled. At first, nobody spoke up, but then, Haley, being as pigheaded as she is, decided to blame it on me.

"Nicky started it," she told him, pointing a boney finger in my direction.

"Actually, Jake started it," John spoke up, coming to my defense.

"Is this true?" Mr. Frikwright asked. Once again, nobody said anything.

He sighed. "Mr. Danvers, Ms. Sanchez, my office. NOW."

Chapter 7

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 3)

3.

What the hell is his problem? He pretends I'm not here for over 3 and ½ years, and now, all of a sudden, I exist again?

The two of us followed silently behind all the way to Mr. Frikwright's office. He opened the door and motioned us in.

Jake sat on the left side of Mr. Frikwright's desk. I scooted my chair as far off to the right as I could get it to go without looking too suspicious. Jake noticed, and scowled at that.

I took my seat, and immediately Mr. Frikwright started yelling, but not at me. "Jake! I warned you! One more big mess up like this and you're expelled! The big game is in less than a month! We need you!" He emphasized the word, need.

You see, in our sophomore year, Jake joined the football team. Yeah. The Football team. Not the baseball team. Jake apparently has a natural talent at running. That's right. He's NOT the quarterback, but the runningback.

Jake sighed, letting his head fall into his hands. "There's no way that you can overlook this?"

"Not unless this wasn't your fault," Mr. Frikwright explained. He then turned to me. "Was it?"

"Uhhh," I stuttered.

What could I possibly say? Of course he started it! But if I told the principal that, he would be expelled, and the team would lose. What if he was actually really passionate about football now? The consequences would surely be a lot smaller for me.

"No," I said. "I started it."

Jakes jaw dropped.

I knew Mr. Frikwright would want an explanation as to why I would start it, so I decided to continue, even though I would totally regret this later. "I was jealous, because of him and Haley, and I wasn't thinking clearly."

"Is this true, Mr. Danvers?" He turned to Jake.

Jake just nodded; probably mute from the shock.

"Alright, your free to go," he told Jake. Jake stood up, flashed me a worried smile, and left.

Oh my god. Did he just smile at me?

"I'm very disappointed in you, Ms. Sanchez," Mr. Frikwright started. "You can't let the jealousy get to you like that. As for your punishment, those walls aren't going to repaint themselves. Every week day after school, for one hour, you'll be repainting them."

****

I walked out of his office, happy to be free of him. He kept going on and on about how I needed to get my slip signed and blah, blah, blah.

"Why?" A voice asked behind me, making me jump. I turned around and saw Jake sitting against the wall, staring back up at me.

"Oh, so I exist now?" I asked sarcastically.

"What are you taking about?"

I shook my head, laughing without humor. "You have serious issues," I told him, walking away.

I had only taken a few steps when he caught up. He caught my wrist, making me stop dead in my tracks. Tingles shot up my arm, making me cringe.

No, I could NOT feel a spark with him. Ever.

"Nicky," he pleaded, sincerity deep in his sparkly green eyes.

"No!" I shouted. "Do NOT Nicky me." I felt tears collect in my eyes. "Do you know how painful it is to say that we used to be best friends?" I asked him, but didn't wait for an answer. "You of all people?"

"Look," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry isn't good enough, Jake," I told him, and then the tears spilled over. I didn't want him to see this,

but I couldn't stop it now. My cries broke into little sobs; I covered my face with my hands, hoping he wouldn't be able to see as much.

"You're still on the football team," I told him to the best of my ability. I don't cry very often, but when I do, I just can't seem to stop. "You got what you wanted, so you can stop pretending now."

I brushed his hand away, and ran. Down the halls, out the door, and all the way to my car.

Jake's P.O.V

I made her cry; hysterically. I don't understand how. What did I do over these past few years? I was never mean to her or anything, I just got some new friends. And so did she. I didn't see the big problem. But there obviously was one, to her.

I guess I did stop talking to her, but it's not like she made such an effort either.

I ended up skipping the rest of school that day. I was too confused to stay. I truly wanted to make it up to Nicky, but how?

Plus, she was now officially dating that John guy, so I've heard. She doesn't need me anymore. He makes her smile like I used to. He took my place, and for awhile I didn't even care. But now I do.

I want her back. I used to have a place in her heart, and hopefully I still do.

I don't know why I poured my spaghetti on her head. I just did. I wasn't thinking about her feelings, or what could happen; example: food fight.

I was thinking about me. When her and John kissed this morning, I felt so mad and jealous. I guess it was just my form of getting back at her, even though she really didn't do anything wrong.

****

I drove home to find my house full of people, of course. Seth, my younger 15 year old brother, had a few friends over, and so did my parents. But they always do, so it's not like I was surprised.

I ran upstairs, and plopped onto my bed, staring at my ceiling. My mind wandered to Nicky again. I wondered what she had been doing lately. How old

was Jamie now? Did her parents ever divorce? Did they still have Bon Bon? (Their dog.)

A sudden thought occurred to me, making me jump up and run downstairs. "Hey, mom?" I asked, poking my head into the Dining room, where her, my father and their friends were eating some of my mom's homemade lasagna.

"What, sweetie?"

"Where are all of our old photo albums?" I asked her.

Her eyesbrows rose slightly in confusion. "They're under my bed. Why?"

I shrugged. "No reason."

I ran back upstairs, into their room, and practically dived under the bed. I found 4 albums under there, but one in particular caught my eye. It was labeled, "Jake M. Danvers." I knew there would be pictures of Nicky in here.

I grabbed it and sprinted back into my room, then sprawled out onto my bed. I flipped through the first few pages; baby pictures.

I saw a few of me and Nicky, but there was one I liked the best. It was only of her, and she hadn't been paying attention. She'd been laughing at something, and I'd caught it on camera. Of course she was mad at me afterwards, but it was worth it in the end.

When she was smiling she looked so beautiful, even more than when she was crying. This picture made me think to myself; How could I ever forget a girl as great as her?

Chapter 8

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 4)

4.

Nicky's P.O.V

I drove all the way home, hoping and praying that my mom wouldn't be there. I already knew that Jamie wouldn't; he would still be at school. But of course she was, and as soon as I walked through the door, she noticed.

"Nicole, what are you-" she saw the tears streaming down my face, and instantly stopped. "Sweetie, what happened?" She asked, coming over and hugging me sympathetically.

My mom's a bit shorter than me, with light blonde hair and sparkly blue eyes. I take after my dad much more than her. Jamie, my 13 year old brother, is much more like my mom.

I could smell my mom's hair; strawberry shampoo. It used to be my Father's favorite. He would always tell her she smelt wonderful, even when she wasn't wearing perfume.

I wept into my mother's shoulder, soaking her long sleeve navy blue shirt with tears. "It's alright, baby," she wiped the tears away with her thumbs.

She laid me down onto the couch; placing my head on her lap. For a long time she just sat there, stroking my face in soothing motions. She let me cry until there were no more tears, and then decided to talk. "What happened?"

"Jake," I whimpered, my voice barely audible. But I know she heard. She hears everything. She has like, Super Mom Ears or something.

"What did that boy do now?" She hissed.

I shook my head. How could I explain it to her? That I made out with some guy, JUST to make him jealous. He retaliated, and poured spaghetti on my head? I may love and trust my mom, but that is so not happening.

"Please tell me," she whispered her voice sad and somber. Ugh, she was totally guilt trapping me! And it was working.

"Well, the two of us kind of started a food fight," I told her, deciding to leave out the whole making out thing. Didn't want to give my mom a heart attack.

She nodded, signaling for me to continue. I sighed. "The two of us ended up getting sent to the Principals office. He was going to be kicked off the football team, so I took all of the blame."

"And?" She asked.

"I got in trouble," I told her. "When I left the office, Jake showed up and asked, Why? And I kind of just, broke down after that."

She sighed, sorrow deep in her eyes. "It's okay to cry, you know," she told me. "Nobody's perfect."

"I know," I murmured.

A slight smile formed on her lips. "One day he's gonna realize what he's missing. And when he does....." she trailed off, leaving a trace of mystery in the air. "Well, I guess it's really up to you what happens after that."

I grinned up at her, my face feeling dry from all of the crying I'd just done. I sat up, smoothing my hair out. "Thanks, Mom."

I picked up my bag, and started up the stairs. "Nicky?" My mom asked, making me look back.

"Hmm?"

"You'll always have a place in his heart, whether he notices it or not," she told me.

I nodded, even though I didn't really understand, and went to my room.

****

~Next day at school~

"It took three showers just to get all that spaghetti out of my hair!" Exclaimed Cayla, running her hands

through her long, auburn hair. The two of us were sitting in 2nd period together; the bell had just rung. Our Science teacher was running just a tad bit late, so just about everyone in class was talking.

"Yeah," I grinned. "I had so much chocolate pudding in my hair. It was disgusting."

The two of us laughed, but then I came to an abrupt halt. I needed to ask her something. "Umm, Cayla?" I started.

She sighed. "If this is about John, you honestly shouldn't be asking me. If you two really like each other, then who would I be to get in the way of that?"

I clapped excitedly. "Really?" I gushed.

"Yeah!" She laughed. "And just so you know.....he's a really good kisser."

"Um," I stuttered a little nervously. "Yeah. I kind of found that out yesterday."

"What?!" She exclaimed. Oh, thank god. She's not mad, she's excited! This was like fresh new gossip to her.

I shrugged nonchalantly. She laughed at that, but then the teacher came in, and we had to stop talking.

At lunch, John sat next to me, once again. But for some reason, when I looked up, I found my eyes searching in a totally different direction. They landed on Jake and Haley. I was expecting the two of them to be, well, snogging, but thank god they weren't.

Haley was chatting away, but I could tell Jake wasn't even listening. He was paying close attention to his sandwich; to an outsider he would look blank. There was no emotion on his face, nothing to give him away.

Jake's head lifted up, and for a few mere seconds, we locked eyes. I couldn't help it. My whole body ached for him; just to go over and give him a big hug. I felt such joy, having him realize me again. He finally remembered me, he knew I existed! But what if he knew all along, and just didn't care?

Of course he knew. How could he not? We had been best friends since I was born. You can't just forget somebody like that, at least, not when you go to school with them 5 days a week.

Blood rushed to my cheeks, realizing what I'd just done. I looked back down, and then focused my attention onto John. He had no idea that I was looking at him.

I studied his soft white skin, and his pale blonde hair, all the way up to his bright blue eyes. He was always smiling; a similar trait to the old Jake. He really was beautiful, in an odd kind of way. He made me feel happy and comfortable.

"Nicky?" John asked. "What are you looking at?"

"You," I murmured.

"Why?"

"Your beautiful," I told him, forgetting about everyone else at the table.

He laughed. "Isn't the guy that's supposed to say that?"

I shrugged. "I guess I'm the guy in this relationship."

"Relationship?" He asked, shocked.

Crap! I did not mean to say that!

"We're not in a relationship, or anything," I told him, shaking my head. "It's just that, well, I uh-," He cut me off with a kiss. It only lasted a few seconds long, but was great none the less. "Your cute when you babble," he grinned, making me blush a deep red. "Do you wanna go out tonight?" He asked me.

"Yes!" I responded a little too quickly, making him laugh again.

"Good," he said. "I'll pick you up at around, hmm, 5?"

"I have to stay after school today, so I wont be home until like, 5:30," I told him, groaning in protest. I did NOT want to repaint and wash the cafeteria walls.

"Why?" He asked curiously.

I sighed. "I'm cleaning off the cafeteria walls today."

"Oh, well, 7 then?" He asked.

I nodded. John had been to my house a few times, so thankfully I wouldn't need to give him directions or anything.

When lunch ended, I gave John a quick peck on the cheek, then headed off to 4th period.

I had 6th with John, and today he sat right next to me. About half way through the class, he grabbed my hand from under the table, the warmth from his hand making mine feel warm, too.

I had to admit that I really liked holding hands with him. It made me feel special, like I really belonged.

Chapter 9

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 5)

5. Jake's P.O.V

I waited for her in the cafeteria. All throughout the day I'd been thinking about her. At lunch, when we locked eyes, I knew I had to talk to her again. I never realized how empty I felt without her, but now that I did, I wanted her back.

When she finally showed up, she didn't even notice me. I watched her lay out towels, and bring the hose in. She was having trouble getting the hose prepared, so I decided to help her out.

"Do you need any help?" I asked, coming up behind her and making her jump.

"No, I don't need any help," she sneered, once she'd calmed down.

After that, she ignored me, and went about her business. She eventually got the hose to work, and started spraying off the walls.

"You can't just pretend I'm not here," I said.

"Why not?" She asked. "You did it to me." She turned off the hose; I guess she couldn't clean and argue at the same time.

"No, I didn't!" I told her. "You went your way, I went mine. That's all that happened."

She shook her head. "No. You went your way, and a YEAR later, when I finally figured that out, then I went my way."

"That's not true," I argued.

She huffed. "Then why weren't you at my Sweet sixteen? I invited you. And then, even worse, why weren't you at my Father's funeral?"

"What?"

"Yeah, my father died two years ago. If the two of us had, 'gone our own way,' you at least would've showed up!" She yelled, her eyes full of moisture. No! I can't make her cry again..... "My Dad was like a second Father to you."

That was true. He really was like a Second Father to me. My Dad was always at work, so I spent a lot of time with Nicky and her Father instead. We would always go to the batting cages and practice together. Ah, how I missed the batting cages.....

"Look, Nicky," I pleaded. "I didn't know I was hurting you this much. You have to forgive me."

She bit her lip, shaking her head no.

"Please! I want you back, Nicky!" I told her. "I miss you. I miss your brother, and your mom. Your house, and your bed. I miss the way you used to blush whenever we got close. And I miss the way that you used to make me feel; happy, optimistic. You made me love life! And I'm sorry that I didn't realize that until now." I had nothing else to say after that.

I walked out of the cafeteria, and walked to my car. And, unlike the movies, she didn't stop me.

Nicky's P.O.V

"Please! I want you back, Nicky!" He pleaded, his voice on the edge of desperate. "I miss you. I miss your brother, and your mom. Your house, and your bed. I miss the way you used to blush whenever we got close. And I miss the way that you used to make me feel; happy, optimistic. You made me love life! And I'm sorry that I didn't realize that until now."

He then walked out the door, leaving me all alone.

I wanted to stop him. I wanted to jump into his arms and tell him that I missed him too. But what if this was just a game? After all, Jake had changed a lot. I couldn't afford to have my heart broken twice.

By the time this was over, it was already 5:15; my hour was up. I dragged all of the towels to the girls locker room and threw them in the dirty towel hamper.

****

"John!" I exclaimed, fully opening the door to reveal his face.

"Ready to go?" he asked.

"Yeah, just give me a sec," I told him, putting a finger to his lips. I ran into the living room; Jamie was playing some video game, and my mom was reading her book.

"John's here!" I announced. The two of them looked up.

"OOOH! Nicky has a boyfriend, Nicky has a boyfriend!" Jamie chanted, making my cheeks fill with blush.

"Will you shut up? He's right out there!" I told him, pointing towards the door.

Jamie started to sing louder. "Nicky has a boyfriend! Nicky has a boyfriend!"

I groaned. "Bye mom! I'll be back later."

I sprinted to the door; slamming it shut. John chuckled. "I heard you and your brother fighting in there."

I sighed. "He likes to ruin my life."

John grabbed my hand, and lead me down to his car. "So, what are we doing tonight?" I asked.

He shrugged. "I thought we could catch a movie or something."

"Oh!" I cheered. "That new Zombie movie is out. We should see that."

John chuckled. "You like zombie movies?"

"Of course!"

He shook his head, smiling. "You just get better and better everyday."

****

"Did you see when that one Zombie bit off the guys head?" I asked, the two of us laughing together. "Those were the cheesiest effects I've ever seen!"

We were currently sitting in John's car, driving towards my place.

"Did you ever see that movie Drag me to Hell?" John asked, but didn't let me answer."'Cause that movie was pretty cheesy too."

I laughed. "I saw it in theaters with Josh and Mandy."

He fake gasped. "And I wasn't invited?"

The two of us continued to jabber about stupid stuff until we arrived back at my house. "Thank you, John. I had a lot of fun with you tonight," I told him.

He smiled. "So did I."

I leaned over to give him a quick kiss. His familiar warmth spread throughout my body, leaving me wanting more. But I'm not the type of girl to move too quickly, so I pulled away.

He gave me a puppy dog face. I smirked. "I'll see you at school on Monday."

I hopped out of his car, and ran inside.

"How did the date go, sweetie?" My mom asked as soon as I walked through the door.

"Fun. We saw Zombie Attack 3."

She sighed. "What is it with kids these days? Zombie Attack? Honestly?"

I laughed and gave my mom a quick kiss on the cheek. "I'm going to bed. Love you."

"Love you too, sweetie."

I took the stairs two at a time, in a hurry to be in the comfort of my bed. I changed into pajamas, then ducked under the covers and closed my eyes.

My last thought before I fell asleep was not about John's kiss, but about what it would feel like to kiss Jake.

Chapter 10

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 6)

6. Nicky's P.O.V

A figure behind me made me jump; until I noticed that it was just Jake. I turned around and smiled at him. He returned the favor. I wrapped my arms around his neck, his wound tightly around my waist. A sensational fire spread throughout my whole body. The next thing he did proved that he felt it, too.

He crashed his lips with mine, making my head whirl in millions of directions. I couldn't think about anything, even if I tried. All I could think about was him. His skin and lips connected with mine.

I combed my hands through his soft brown hair, liking the feeling even more with each passing second. He caught my lower lip with his teeth; an involuntary moan escaped from my lips. He picked me up, wrapping both my legs around his waist.

Our bodies molded together; fused into one. Everything about this felt right. Everything about US.

Jake lightly set me on his bed, moving his body in between my two legs. He started to kiss down my neck, all the way to the top of my chest. Both his and my breath was jagged.

He suddenly stopped and looked up at me, intertwining both my hands with his. His eyes locked with mine, making my whole body ooze with love. I leaned into him, touching my forhead to his.

And then, he did something I never, ever expected. He pecked me on the lips, and whispered, "I love you."

****

I jolted out of my bed, shocked and gasping for air. It was just a dream; all of it. None of it was even real. I

ran my hands through my hair; an old bad habit I used to have when I was confused. Well, I guess that bad habit is back now.

I hopped up, forcing the dream out of my head. I had more important things to concentrate on.

I brushed my hair and teeth, then changed into a black sweatpants and a tight fitting dark blue shirt. I decided that today would be a comfy day. I tossed my hair back into a ponytail, and ran downstairs.

Jamie was eating a bowl of Cocoa Pebbles, and my Mom was cooking eggs and bacon. I'm not exactly a breakfast person, so I decided to pass. I grabbed a granola bar, said goodbye, and ran out the door.

I got to school a little bit early. The halls were practically empty except for a few other students; all who I didn't know. I dropped off my bag of stuff, then brought my binder to my homeroom. We have homeroom every Monday.

There was a black binder on a desk a few seats away from mine. I hoped that it wasn't Jake's. Yeah, Jake is

in my homeroom. Sucks, huh? But luckily, it's the only thing I have with him, other than lunch.

I placed my binder on my desk, and exited the room to the still deserted halls. I guessed that there was a total of six people around. Maybe seven.

"Nicky," a male voice said from behind, which I automatically recognized.

CRAP.

I turned around, to reveal a tired looking Jake, frowning down at me.

"Hm?" I asked, trying to sound as pessimistic as possible. Hopefully it was working.

"I want to talk to you." He told me, his voice so serious and cold that I actually shivered.

I felt a faint hint of blush hit my cheeks, memories of my dream resurfacing. I looked up at his face, unintentionally staring at his lips. He was tired, but beautiful none the less.

"What if I don't want to talk to you?" I asked, pursing my lips.

"Then you'll just have to live with listening."

~~Sorry! I know it's super short, but I really wanted to get a new chapter out before I had to go to back to school for a whole 'nother week. Ugh! Anyways, vote, rate, and if your not already a fan, become one! Oh yeah, I would love some comments, too! Those are always awesome. ;)~~

Chapter 11

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 7)

7. Jake's P.O.V

She stared at me for a few seconds, deep in thought. A subtle huff escaped through her lips. "Can you walk and talk?" She asked sarcastically.

I nodded grimly; I was not in the mood for her sarcasm.

The two of us walked in silence for a few minutes, side by side. Other students in the halls watched us, puzzled expressions plastered to their faces. I had to admit, it was really funny.

"Are you even gonna say anything?" Nicky suddenly asked. I turned and looked at her, finally having the time to analyze what she'd turned into. A woman. A beautiful woman.

Her cheeks darkened as soon as she noticed my intense staring. I chuckled. "I can't believe I can still make you blush."

Her face twisted, and turned into an expression of hate and rage. "I really wish you couldn't."

"What?" I asked, taken aback. "Why?"

She sighed. "Because it's the only reason I'm actually talking to you."

I never thought she could be so shallow. "My looks?" I asked her, getting mad, too.

"No!" She shouted. "The way you make me feel, Jake. God, I'm not Haley."

I ignored the little Haley jab. "How do I make you feel, Nicky?"

"You make me feel like a little girl," she said, her voice regaining some of its sadness.

"What?"

"I feel helpless around you," she whispered.

A single tear fell down her cheek. "Don't cry, Nicky!" I pleaded. "Oh, god! Not again! Don't cry over me. I'm not worth it."

Suddenly, she pulled me into a tight hug. "No," she murmured. "You are worth it. But that just makes it worse."

I wrapped my arms tightly around her, making it impossible for her to escape.

I wish I could've frozen time and kept her in my arms forever. But the world just doesn't work like that.

"I don't know how to make it up to you," I told her. My eyes filled with moisture, just like hers. I knew the two of us could never be close like we used to, and it was all my fault. "But I'm going to try. I'll never give you up again."

"Don't say that." Her voice was strong and stoic. "Never promise me that. Never promise me anything."

I just shook my head, and let my tears spill over.

The two of us cried together. She cried out of hurt, pain. And I cried for the time lost, and the fact that, I could never, ever be her best friend again.

~Haha, this is so dang short! But I haven't updated in a super long time, so I thought, hey what the heck! Why not write a quick chapter up?? LOL, vote and comment me baby! ~

Chapter 12

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 8)

~Lalala, guess what! I saw New Moon! Haha, I bet your all freaking jealous! :D LOL.It was Amazing-tastic!! ..... The last chapter made me feel pretty sad, at least the ending. Hehe, my own story made me want to cry... I'm an emotional person! Hope you guys like this one. It goes out to all of you lovely people.~

Chapter 8.

Nicky's P.O.V

I'd given into him. I told him the exact truth. But honestly, I didn't even care. It felt so good to be in his arms again.

In the background, I could hear bewildered murmurs, and could feel the stares of numerous other students; maybe even teachers. They were probably surprised out of their minds, seeing Jake and I together like this.

"Do you wanna leave?" Jake asked quietly.

I nodded, without even thinking it through. But I was done with pretending, and fighting what I wanted. I wanted him, I needed him.

The two of us walked through the school, and all the way out to his car. Eyes were bulging at the sight of us, but we both ignored it.

****

I sat in the passenger side of his car, looking out the window to see nothing but clear skies.

"Where are we going?" I eventually asked, my voice raspy from all the crying I'd just gotten through with.

"It's a surprise," he whispered, a smirk set on his lips.

We sat in silence for a few more minutes, until we pulled up into one of the most familiar places in the world. The Baseball Diamond.

I hadn't been here since my dad died, 2 ½ years ago. And boy, I sure had missed this place. It reminded me of the good 'ol days. The ones where Jake and I could tell each other anything, and not even think twice about it.

It also reminded me of my Father.

He killed himself. He'd cheated on my mom, and then felt so bad about it afterwards, that he actually took his own life. Jamie didn't know this of course; he was only 9 when it all happened. But I knew.

I wish I could've been young and naïve like him. I wish I hadn't had to learn the truth. I wish I wasn't as smart as I was; that was the only way I figured it out.

But now, 2 ½ years later, I realize that I'm glad that I was as old as I was. I got 16 whole years with my father, while Jamie only got 9.

My heart pounded in my chest, as I was suddenly pulled into one of my very favorite memories....

****

My fingers tightly gripped the bat as I moved into ready position. It was my last turn to bat; I already had two strikes.

My dad, Jake and I had been practicing almost all day. The weather was gloomy, so nobody else had showed up. It seemed most people liked to play in the sun.

My dad was pitching, while Jake was acting as the role of an Outfielder. It wasn't a real game, considering there was only three of us. But we still liked to get competitive with each other.

Suddenly, the ball was flying towards me at full speed. At just the right time, I swung as hard as I could, and heard a loud "Clank" noise; the bat connecting with the ball.

The three of us watched the ball soar through the air; me only for a few seconds. I dropped the bat and took off running.

First plate.

Second.

Third.

Jake had thrown the ball to my father, and now it was just a race to see who could make it to Home Plate first. Me or Dad. I won.

I cheered out, doing a little victory dance just to show off to the both of them. I'd only been 12 then, so I wasn't self conscious like I was now.

My dad scooped me into a big, tight hug, pulling my feet completely off of the ground. "You little turbo!" My dad exclaimed, spinning me around and making me giggle. "I can't believe you hit it that good! You're getting better than me!"

I laughed, and he set me down.

A boom of thunder made Jake jump in the distance. I heard my father chuckle behind me.

Rain started to pour, making Jake grimace. I, on the other hand, smiled.

I ran all through the field, my clothes and hair getting drenched. But I loved the feeling. I smiled happily to myself, before turning and running back.

****

I was so happy back then. I'd had everything a girl could've ever wanted. A loving Father, and the nicest Best friend this world could ever offer.

But I'd lost both of them, and that hurt, bone deep.

~Ok, so yeah this was another short one. But SOORYYY! ~

- I personally have not been a victim of attempted suicide, and I have never had a loved one that did. But one of my best friends has. Her father, one of the nicest guys I had ever met, cheated on his wife, and then killed himself out of guilt.

This chapter goes out to all of the people who have ever thought, tried, or actually committed suicide.

Chapter 13

How to Fall for your Ex-Bestfriend (Chap. 9)

So sorry! This one is going to be short again. Its really late, and I should already be asleep, but I really wanted to get a new chapter out! It's been forever since I updated! And I feel horrible about it): Sorry! But, I promise you I will try to do better with updating. I WILL!!! But school is hard right now. Lots of tests and homework and other crap that I don't want to do! Haha, hope you enjoy this! Love you all!

Chapter 9.

"You remember this place, right?" Jake asked, oblivious to my sad mood. He sounded rather happy.

I didn't reply, but he didn't seem to mind. "It holds so many memories..." He murmured to himself. "You remember when we used to come here almost everyday? And your dad would always let you win?" He chuckles quietly to himself.

The mention of my dad brought a sharp pain to my chest; it felt as if my heart were being ripped out. Okay, maybe not literally, but you get the point. Just hearing somebody talk about my father brought on a flood of memories, both good and bad.

But I pushed them all away, and turned my focus on Jake. "I remember," I whispered, my voice sounding raspy like I'd been a chain smoker since I was five. That seemed to get Jakes attention.

"Nicky?" He asked, lightly grazing a hand down my cheek. "Do you think you could ever forgive me?"

I stared at him for a long time, honestly not knowing what to say.

In my heart, I knew I'd never really been mad at him in the first place. As soon as he had asked for me back, he'd had me. But my mind bombarded me with

questions like, "What if this is just a game to him?" And, "What if he breaks your heart again?"

And, in situations like this, what are you supposed to follow? Your mind, or your heart?

"You don't have to answer me now," he whispered, his eyes full of moisture. "I just- I need to know, if I'm wasting my time or not."

"I wish I could answer you," I told him. "But I don't even know the answer myself."

"I guess that's better than a straight-forward 'No, I won't ever forgive you.!'" He chuckled, but only in attempt to lift the mood.

I looked at him, and give him a small, sincere smile. When he'd tried to lighten the mood like that, he'd reminded me of the old Jake. My Jake.

"Jake?" I asked.

"Yeah?"

"Can I ask you a question."

He nods.

"Why did you do it?" I know I wasn't specific, but he should know what I was talking about.

He sighs, and shrugs his shoulders. "I don't know. But I do know one thing. If I could take it all back, just so I could have you, I would."

"Really?"

"Yeah," he smiled, and reached down for my hand, entwining my fingers with his.

"We used to hold hands. Can we still do that?"

Reluctantly, I slipped my hand away from his, and shook my head no. "We're older now, Jake. Holding hands means something entirely different than it did back in 2nd grade."

"Is that a bad thing?" he asked, sudden anger rising in his voice. "Are you really that repulsed by me?"

"How can you expect me to want that with you, when I'm still debating on whether I want to even be friends again?" I yelled at him.

"You know," he started. "Maybe that's why this all happened in the first place."

"What?" I asked, shock dented in my tone. "How can you turn around and try and blame this all on me?"

"I'm not blaming it on you," he told me, his voice loud but not quite loud enough to be considered yelling. "It's my fault. It always was. I should have just sucked it up, and realized that you never wanted me as more than a friend."

How wrong he was....

"But now I do," he said. "So, you can just go back with John, and act like this never even happened, and I'll go back with Haley. John seems to make you happy, and Haley keeps me satisfied."

"Haley keeps you satisfied?" I repeated, tears welling up in my eyes. "What's that supposed to mean? That she's just some girl you can fuck around with?"

"Exactly," he said.

"You know," I said. "You're right. This is stupid. I never should have come here with you."

"And I shouldn't have invited you." His voice burned with acid; and burned me inside out.

I swung the car door open. "Thanks for my breaking my heart twice, and also, thanks for reminding me about my dead dad, and how he killed himself. You're a great friend, Jake." I slammed the door closed, and ran as far away as I could.

A few seconds after, I heard his car engine start, and then he drove off.

I sat on a bench all by myself, crying and not knowing what else to do. I didn't want to talk to my mom. In fact, there really was only one person I wanted to talk to right now.

I waited until all my friends would be at lunch, then grabbed my cell phone and dialed the, all too familiar phone number.

It rang a few times, before someone answered. "Nicky? Where are you?" A worried voice asked from the other line.

"John," I whispered, holding back my sobs. "I need to talk to you. Can you come get me?"

I bet your all like, "Jake's a total asswhole! I'm team John all the way!" LOL, this was definetly not a good chapter for anybody who likes Jake. Sorry, but don't worry. They'll get better. With maybe even both John and Jake... just wait and see!!

Chapter 14

My Heart Belongs to a Wolf (Chapter 1)

I have issues. I seriously think I do. Is there a disease that makes you not be able to finish anything, without coming up with another idea that you like better? Cause if there is, I swear I have it.

I love writing, but I just can't seem to stay passionate about one story. I guess it really just depends on what type of mood I'm in. One day I feel like writing one story, next I feel like writing the other. And then some days I just don't feel like writing at all.

I know it's stupid to start another story, but whatever, I like stories.

It seems like most girls nowadays are totally obsessed with vampires. Well, guess what! I'm not! I'm totally a werewolf girl. Sorry Edward fans, but 1. Jacobs younger, and way more fun. 2. Jacob and Bella could have as many little babies as they want! And with Edward, she can't. And 3. Jacob is hot!

Edward's got the whole, pale and perfect thing going on, which is so not my style. I like a man with a darker complexion. =D Haha, and bigger muscles. Lol. Just kidding!!!

So, since I'm such a werewolf fan, I thought I should write a.....werewolf story! Ha, bet you didn't see that one coming, did you?

Sorry for all of the people who think a story like this is totally cliché and unoriginal. But truth is, I already know that! But, maybe I'm just totally cliché and unoriginal. Did you ever think of that? If you want a more original story, you should check out my story called, The Leapers. I've never heard of any story ever having to do with Leap Day or anything like that, other than MINE!

Sorry. I wrote a really long Authors Note, didn't I? Haha, well anyways, hope you guys enjoy this!

P.S- Do all stories have to have prologues?? Oh well, this one's not going to. Sorry if you like Prologues....

Chapter 1.

My brother once told me I was better than them. The girls who made fun of me. My brother had also told me that I was beautiful. But how could I believe that, now that he was gone?

He had been my best friend. The perfect brother. When I would come home crying, and mom wasn't home, he would hold me, and reassure me when mom couldn't. He would tell me such great things, that I completely forgot why I was crying in the first place.

Back then, I couldn't even imagine what it would be like living without him. But now I knew. And it was dreadful.

A little less than a year ago, my brother died in a brutal car crash. A drunken truck driver rammed right into the driver's side of his car; he died right then and there.

It's nice to know that he didn't feel any pain before he died. At least, that's what I keep telling myself. But truth is, none of this is nice at all. I wish I could say that he was in a better place, but who am I to say that? How can I know if Heaven and Hell even exist? And if they do, who's to say that he actually went to Heaven?

My brother wasn't perfect. No, not even close. He made mistakes. What if God only accepted perfect, innocent people into Heaven? My brother wouldn't be there. I wouldn't get there. Nobody would.

After my brothers' death, I had dove into a deep wave of depression, worrying my Mother and the few friends I actually had. Josh and Marissa had been my good buds ever since Kindergarten. In 8th grade they became a couple, and had been inseparable ever since.

When my depression had finally gotten way too out of hand, my Mother finally decided to send my away, to live with my Uncle John, in Portland, Oregon.

And that's how I ended up here, waiting for my Uncle to come pick me up from the unfamiliar airport.

I let my suitcase drag behind me as I walked down the long, crowded room towards the Security System where minors were supposed to get picked up.

When I finally saw him, he was standing in line at a Concession store, a few unidentified items in hand.

"Uncle John!" I exclaimed, running into his arms and giving him a big hug.

"Hey there, Sweetie." He grinned at me, and placed his big, firm hands down on my shoulders.

"You sure have grown a lot," he sighed, taking in my new appearance. Last time he'd seen me, I'd been a short, acne faced little girl, with hair that she didn't know how to take care of. That was almost 4 and ½ years ago.

"How old are you now?" He asked. "40?"

"I think that's you, gramps," I laughed, lightly nudging him with my elbow.

Uncle John was a tall, well defined man. He had dark brown hair, and light, honey brown eyes. He was quite attractive for a forty-plus man.

He'd always been sort of an activist. Physical activity was just his thing. It surprised me when he took a job as a vet, instead of a P.E teacher or something.

Once we reached the front of the line, Uncle John paid the cashier, and told him to keep the change.

"Redvines?" He asked, handing me a package wrapped in blue and white plastic.

"Yum!" I squealed, ripping it out of his hands and tearing the package open. "I love Redvines. And you remembered. Redvines. Not Twizzlers."

He laughs. "Of course I did."

The drive to his house seemed too quick, but was actually over a half an hour long.

"I got you registered for school. Your first day's Monday," John told me, after taking an exit onto the highway.

"Monday?" I whined. "But that's only a few days away."

He shrugs. "The sooner you go to school, the sooner you'll make new friends."

He was missing the point. That was the whole reason I didn't want to go. I didn't want to make new friends. I liked my old ones.

"Yeah, I guess," I said, in a quiet tone.

John sighs. "Sam, I know you miss your brother. We all do. But we can't mourn over him for the rest of our lives. We've got to move forward, y'know?"

I nodded silently. "Yeah, I know. It's just hard. He was my best friend."

"He was a great kid," John told me. "Always there for his little sis when she needed him most." He moved a palm to the top of my head, attempting to give me one of his world famous nougies.

I laughed, and swatted his hand away. "Don't you think I'm a little old for that, now?"

"Nope. Not at all."

After a few more minutes, we pulled up to a small one-story blue house, with a cute little green unfenced yard. There were flowers and trees planted, which took me by surprise. Never thought my Uncle would be the gardening type. But then again, he did a lot of things.

"Is this the same house you used to live in?" I asked, narrowing my eyes and studying the rest of the neighborhood.

The neighborhood looked vaguely familiar, but the house did not.

"I repainted the house a few years ago. I got bored of the small old yellow color."

He grabbed my bag out of the trunk, and led me up to his door. After searching through his keys, and finding the right one, he unlocked the door, revealing a cozy looking Living Room.

He had dark wooden floors, that were covered with various different rugs. A bold red couch sat against one of the walls, facing the T.V and stereo system. The T.V was about medium size.

Picture frames hung on the walls, but I was honestly too tired to look at them.

"Um," I yawned. "Do you think we could save the tour for tomorrow? I'm pretty tired. I think I'm just gonna crash."

He nodded. "Sure. I'll show you your room."

He led me down a small hallway, which had 4 doors. The second one on the right was mine.

A full sized bed was laid out in the middle of the room, with a plain black blanket laid out over the top. Two blue pillows lay at the front of the bed, matching the blue desk lamp that sat right against the bed. There was a full body mirror on the back of the door; a few empty picture frames here and there. A plain wooden dresser sat on the left side of the bed.

"Sleep tight, Sammy," my Uncle John said, giving me a light peck on the forehead and heading off to another room.

I closed the door, and stripped down to just my undergarments. I searched through my crowded suitcase, until I found my favorite pair of sweatpants and a blue tanktop.

After brushing my teeth and washing my face, I hopped into bed. Surprisingly, he had the mattress just the way I liked it. Firm, but not to the point where it felt like you were sleeping on the ground.

I pulled the covers over my chest, and closed my eyes, wondering how school would go on Monday. Would people like me? Or would I be an outcast, just like I'd been in Albuquerque?

Just as I slipped into consciousness, I heard a wolf howl in the distance. I'd forgotten all about it by the time I fell asleep.

Ok. So this chapter was kind of boring. But it's the first chapter. The introductory chapter. Its not

supposed to be full of action or anything. Anyways, I'll try and post up more tomorrow. The next chapter should be better! Hope you guys like it so far. Leave a comment. Vote for me. Become a fan!

Chapter 15

My Heart Belongs to a Wolf (Chapter 2.)

The first chapter was kind of boring. Hopefully this one will be a bit better. I don't want this story to be one where girl meets boy, and then they hook up and fall in love five minutes later. Naw, I want this to be more realistic, and not as fast paced as a lot of stories on this sight are. No offense, but they seem so unrealistic when people fall in love in a matter of seconds. That just doesn't happen.

Anywho, hope you enjoy this chapter.

Chapter 2.

"Sam," I heard my brother whisper, making me look up into the darkness.

"Ben?" I asked, moving forward in hopes of touching him. With every step I took toward him, he took a step away. "Ben, I-"

A loud, piercing howl cut me off. It came from behind me.

I whipped my head around, to find a large, darkish brown wolf, staring straight at me. Its eyes seemed too focused, more like a human's than any other's. I fought off the urge to scream.

"Go to him," Ben whispered, motioning me forward with his hand.

I tried to say something, but no words came out. I slowly walked toward the beast, and placed a hand in it's fur.

I heard a low rumbling sound come from its chest; it almost sounded like it was purring.

Suddenly, without even thinking, I started petting it. On it's back, it's head, it's sides. It felt so warm and soft, that I guess I just couldn't get enough of it.

The wolf nuzzled it's head into my neck, making me giggle. I turned to see how Ben would react, but he was nowhere in sight. Not being able to see him again brought tears to my eyes, but I guess that was only expected.

And when I turned back to the Wolf, it was gone, too.

The first thing I saw when I woke up was complete darkness. I was surrounded by it.

I sat up, rubbing my forehead.

Ben, I thought to myself. Why did you have to go? How could you just leave me like that?

I looked down at my battery powered alarm clock; 3:47 am.

I hopped out of bed, suddenly very thirsty, and headed off to the kitchen. I had to search for a bit, but since it wasn't that big of a house, I found it pretty easily.

Uncle John's kitchen seemed pretty simple. Wood cupboards, and a white and gray tile floor. A white fridge, one of those island seat thingys, with three chairs, and an old looking microwave.

His fridge was fully stocked, with just about everything I could imagine. Grapes, cantaloupe, 3 different types of cheeses, sandwich meat, and much, much more. It looked like he'd gone shopping to get all the stuff I liked just before I'd gotten here. I pulled out a juice box.

On the side of Uncle John's island counter, there was a clear glass door. I was sure it led to a porch.

I peeked through the blinds, and saw that Uncle John's backyard wasn't a backyard at all. It was a forest! I flicked the porch light on. A motionless shape caught my attention. It was in the grass, just before the Forest began. And it looked like... an animal. A dead animal.

I gasped, quickly unlocking and stepping through and out the door.

Suddenly, the animals head shot up; it's eyes stared menacingly at me. But then it seemed to calm down.

The animal was a wolf.

No! I thought. Not another wolf. This must be another stupid dream.

But it wasn't. Ben never showed up, like he'd done before. And this time, I was actually scared for my life, unlike the dream.

I slowly started backing up, making sure that the wolf wouldn't follow me.

It stood up, its movements surprisingly graceful. I watched as it shook its fur out, and then started after me.

I screamed, which seemed to get its attention. It stopped in its tracks, stared at me for a few mere seconds, and then dashed off into the forest, without a second backward glance.

Sorry if that wasn't very descriptive. I didn't know

what else to write. And I wanted to get to her first day of school sooner!!)

My first day of school. How exciting. John was driving me there, and then I would have to walk back home. Honestly, I wasn't all that thrilled, and between the mourning of my brother, and the paranoia from my little wolf epidemic, I was already in a pretty weird mood.

I kept telling myself that the wolf was dream, or that I had imagined the whole thing. And for now I'm going to try my best to believe that.

"Nervous?" John asked, a knowing smirk playing on the edges of his lips.

I simply said, "Duh," and went back to looking out the window. What did I see? Trees. Clouds. And more trees. I had a feeling I was going to like this place.

Over the weekend, John had given me a tour of his house, and a small tour of the town, saying that if I wanted to get to know the town better, I would have to go out exploring one day.

The car pulled into a huge looking parking lot, with all sorts of different cars. Great. More cars=More people. Ugh, I hate math.

John rested a hand on my shoulder. "Everyone's nervous on their first day. So don't worry. It'll only get better."

"Yeah, I sure hope so," I said, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. "Bye, Uncle John! Thanks for the ride."

I hopped out of the car, just in time to hear him yell, "Good luck!"

After he sped off, I realized just how many pairs of eyes were on me. Too many to count, that's for sure.

Trying my best to act confident, I walked towards the front door, putting as much pride into it as I possibly could. A few people tried to catch my eye, but, being me, I looked down instead of at them.

In the office, I lady with naturally curly red hair smiled at me, and told me where I should go.

"Now here's your schedule," she'd told me, handing me a small piece of paper. "And here's your locker

combination, and a map of the school." She hands me two more papers.

"Now, if you take a left just outside of this room, and then take a right at the very first hall you pass, you should be able to find your locker and 1st period fairly easily. And if you have any troubles, just ask somebody for help. Most of us are quite friendly here," she flashed me a warm grin.

"Thank you-" I said, searching for her nametag. It was on the left side of her shirt, just above her chest. "Ms. Reynolds."

"Your welcome. Now head to class. Wouldn't wanna be late on your first day."

"I'm not so sure about that," I muttered quietly to myself, as I exited the office.

There were swarms of people everywhere, making it hard to get through the hallway. But I made it, of course. I placed my bag in my locker, and grabbed out a binder.

1st Period- Trigonometry with Mrs. Schray- Room 19

Like I said earlier, I hate math.

I trudged my way through the hall, ignoring all of the stares from the other students. It seemed that my style was a lot more like what they would wear here, rather than what the kids wore back in my hometown.

When I finally found the classroom, I walked in, and saw three of the most beautiful boys I could have ever imagined.

Alright, to be honest, I didn't really like this chapter that much either. But I swear that they will get better! They will!!!!! I don't know, I've just been kind of down lately. Not in the mood to write, read, do homework. All I want is to hang out with my besties, but well, I guess I cant really.):

Well, Like I always say....

COMMENT

!

VOTE

!

BECOME A FAN

!

Chapter 16

My Heart Belongs to a Wolf (Chapter 3)

Yay! Another chapter (: I don't know, I keep saying this, but anyways... hopefully this chapter will be better than the other two. Ha, I guess we will just have to find out, now wont we??

P.S- I don't know if you guys know this or not, but my stories are kind of like 'luck of the draw' stories. I don't have a plot line chosen for this yet. I just make them along as I go. So, if you have any ideas as to what I should do with this story, leave me a comment, and tell me what you think!

Chapter 3.

"Class," the blonde haired, blue eyed, middle aged looking woman, said, in attempts of getting the whole classes attention. "This is Samantha. She'll be a part of this class for the rest of the year. She just moved here from Albuquerque."

Nobody said anything, they just stared at me. Well, some stared, some smiled, and a few glared.

I looked at the three boys, and saw that two out of three of them glowered at me, while the other just gave me a small, sad looking smile .

All three of them had golden tans, and dark brown hair. The only difference was their size, their eyes, and their faces.

The smiling boy had chocolate brown eyes, and looked to be the smallest of the bunch. He looked to like he was in shape, and didn't even have to try.

The taller of the two glowering boys had blue eyes, and was big and muscular. He had worried lines etched into his forehead. A girl sat next to him, very closely, I might add. But, unlike the boy, she didn't glare at me. She had a huge smile on her face.

The other glaring boy had green eyes, with specks of brown in them. He was tall, with a bit of muscle, but nothing compared to the other glaring boy. His glare was nowhere near as intense, bit still enough to worry me.

"Samantha, why don't you go sit next to Drake?" The teacher asked, bringing me out of my thoughts. "Drake, could you please raise your hand?" A tall, lanky looking boy with reddish brown hair raised his hand. There was an empty seat next to him.

As I sat down, I tried my best not to look back at the three boys, but every few seconds I would catch myself glancing at the back of their heads. Their beauty was unbelievable. Same with the girls'.

She had long, gorgeous black hair, and dark brown eyes. She had a cute heart shaped face, with beautifully perfect skin; you wouldn't be able to find a blemish even with a microscope.

I suddenly felt very jealous, but quickly pushed that thought away. It's not like I was ugly. She was just abnormally gorgeous.

I'd been a blonde since I was born, but trust me, I didn't act like it. I had baby blue eyes, and stood at about 5'8. I was never very sporty, but still had a thin, healthy looking body.

"No Nathan today?" Mrs. Schray asked, mainly asking the three boys and the girl.

"Nathans sick," the tallest boy said, in a monotone voice. He sounded mad, outraged, but there was also a hint of sadness is his voice.

The beautiful girl looked back at me, smirking. I looked down at my hands, not wanting to lock eyes with her.

"That's a shame," Mrs. Schray sighed. "He had a perfect attendance record before this. It must be pretty big for him to miss school."

"It's very big," the other glaring boy said. "But it won't be a problem. He'll be back to normal in a few days." I could have sworn there was a double meaning to their words, but I ignored it, thinking that I was just being paranoid.

After class, as I was walking out the door, I felt a strong hand wrap around my forearm, and push me against a row of lockers. It was the tall, strong boy from class. He looked furious.

"Stay away from Nathan," he warned.

"I-I," I stuttered out of fear. "Um, I don't- I don't, know who Nathan is?" It came out like a question.

"Good. When he comes back, I'm warning you. If you even take one glance at him, I swear you'll regret it." He ripped his hand from my arm, and stalked off.

I stared at him, scared to find out who Nathan was, and why I wasn't aloud to talk to him.

"He's just mad," a female voice told me. The beautiful girl. "I'm Hailey, by the way. And that was Daniel."

"Why does he hate me so much?" I asked her.

"He doesn't hate you. He just doesn't want to lose Nathan."

"What?"

She shook her head, laughing at me. "You'll find out one day. Hopefully."

What was that supposed to mean?

"So, what's your next class?" She asks.

"Um," I said, reaching in my bag and pulling out my schedule. 2nd period- Chemistry- Mr.Miller. "Chemistry," I told her.

"Yay!" She exclaimed. "I have that class, too. I'll take you there."

She wrapped her arm through mine, and led me off in a totally different direction.

I had a feeling we would be great friends one day.

Sorry that this one was kind of short. But I just wanted to put up another chapter as quick as I could. Hope you guys like it. And I hope Daniel's little outburst left you wondering. You'll get to meet Nathan soon. Be patient (:

Chapter 17

Help! Charecter Ideas for The Leapers. Got one?

So, I need some charecter ideas... It can be a guy or girl. Any age works.

I need ideas for the rest of the Leapers, that are coming up very soon. There's supposed to be around twenty of them, so this is going to be hard for me!!

Leave me a comment with any idea that pops into your head! And if you want, I'll Private Message you the prologue of The Seekers, (The Second Leapers story!) as soon as I write it. Which will be soon! (:

P.S- Leave an age for the charecter, name, looks, and a little bit about their personality. They could be snooty or eccentric or whatever you guys want! If

anybody wants to, they could base the charecter on themselves ;)

Chapter 18

The Leapers (Prologue)

~Ok, so this is a new story that I just came up with. I'm pretty sure nobody has a story written with anything about to do with Leap Year on this site, so hopefully this will be original! Hope you guys like it! Oh, yeah. And this is just a prologue, so of course it won't be long! Tell me whether you like it or not! Vote, rate, comment, and become a fan!!!~

Leapers- Anyone who was born on Leap day, (February 29th); Leapers age 4x slower than humans.

Seekers- Born at exactly midnight, on January 1st; age 10x slower than humans.

Prologue ;)

"Luke!" I screeched, watching as his body fell to the floor. Blood trickled down his leg, and stained his clothes. His skin was as pale as ever; purple bruises dotted his whole body.

A Seeker had hit him straight through the chest. There was only one thing to save him, and it would be hard.

Craig and Ian had hold of the last seeker; nothing could stop me now. I sprinted to Luke, seeing his eyelids drooping.

A sob broke through my chest, shaking my whole entire body. I kneeled down, wiping some of the blood away with shaking hands. "Luke," I whispered, not sure whether he could hear me or not. "A life for a life, right?" I laughed without humor.

He made no movement, so I knew he was already unconscious. Tears streamed down my face, trickling off my face and landing on his t-shirt. "I love you," I told him, kissing his forehead.

I partially lifted up his shirt, just enough to reveal his chest, and placed my hands on both sides of him. His skin was cold and pale compared to mine.

An electric shock went through my fingers, and then straight to him; my attempt to revive him. It didn't work so well, so I tried it again.

And again.

The process became painful, almost too bad to bare. But this was Luke; he saved my life, so I should save his.

The electric current flowed more swiftly now; my priorities were set in place. Luke was all that mattered, as long as I could ignore the pain. Which I could, for the most part.

An icy burning feeling shot through my veins. This was it. My life was over, and my attempt to save Luke had failed. The two of us would die together, never to see the other again.

Chapter 19

The Leapers *Chap. 1

Leaper- Anyone who was born on Leap Year; Ages 4x slower than the average human. May have an extra power. Ex: Electricity.

~Ok, so this may seem like it doesn't make sense, but It does! The Prologue is something that happens much, much later in the story. You know how some books do that? Where the introduction is actually like, the climax of the book? Yeah, I thought I'd do that too! Anyways, hope you all enjoy!!!~

1.

My worried eyes scan the area before me, stopping dead on the only three figures I see. Two males, and one woman, heading straight in my direction.

An icy, bitter smell reaches my nostrils. My eyes burn, watering in the process. And then it all dawns on me. Seekers.

My hands tingle with electricity, ready for the fight. But I'm outnumbered. My best chance is just to run.

The woman Seeker notices this, and then yells, "Now!!!" The three of them pick up their pace, along with me.

I ran down the secluded road, the three of them right on my trail. I shiver in fear, but otherwise keep going.

One of the two males was significantly faster than the others; he was getting very close to catching me. But I couldn't die, not in the hands of a Seeker.

I had never met another Leaper; never found somebody to travel with. I was born knowing who and what I was, and who my enemies were. But that was it. I didn't know the history of Leapers, or how it even happened.

Seekers were faster than Leapers; I'd learned that from prior experience. But, Seekers eventually got worn out, and had to stop. Leapers could always keep a steady pace, never to even feel the need to stop and take a breather.

A felt a cold, frosty hand wrap around my wrist. An icy burn ran through my veins, making me stop; erect. My breathing hitched, coming in short, breathless gasps.

"Ryan," the woman ordered in a seductive voice. "Don't kill her just yet. I want to look at her."

He held me in place, even though he didn't need to. My whole body was frozen in shock.

I thought I'd hid so well. How did they find me? Was I easy to track?

The woman slowly traced the length of my neck; speculating. Her icy skin left a trail of goosebumps.

Next she traced down my right arm, tenderly feeling my skin. I had no idea what she was doing, but I did know one thing. She was about to touch my ring. It was the only thing I had left of my mothers.

She gasped when she saw it. "What's this?" She asked, lifting my hand up so she could examine it more carefully.

Rage filled within me, making the shock wear off. I was now completely in control of my body again.

I broke my hands free, and shoved them into the woman's chest. I felt the electricity build up within me, and radiate onto her. She gasped; her body was uncontrollably shaking. I knew I had hit her pressure point. That was the only way I could hurt people. I wasn't strong enough to control myself.

Most Leapers are born with some sort of special ability. Almost all of them are related to the elements; Earth, water, fire, air, etc. I was given the gift of electricity. I can't control it, just create it.

One of the men grabbed me from behind, pulling my hands away from the woman. She moaned in pain, but then looked up at me, excitement and bewilderment deep in her reddish, purple irises.

"You are very powerful," the woman whispered to me, moving her small, fragile frame towards me. The

two men had me pinned against the wall of a brick building. "It's too bad we have to kill you."

I closed my eyes, hoping that the pain would be quicker that way. But of course it wouldn't. I already knew that.

A pained gasp came from one of the men beside me. I opened my eyes, and saw him clutching a hand to his chest. His shirt was stained with blood. His eyes slowly drooped closed, and he fell to the floor.

The other man released his grip on me; he instead decided to defend himself. His hands clutched into two tight fists, making his knuckles turn even whiter.

I had little time to think. Who could be doing this? Was there another Leaper? Was I being saved? I ducked down, covering my head with my arms. I didn't want to get hit with a bullet.

Two more gunshots were fired, and the second man went down. The woman Seeker had disappeared, which worried me a little.

I sat against a brick wall, with my head in my hands; shaking back and forth. I was scared that whoever

had just saved me was a bad guy. But then again, why would a bad guy save somebody, unless it was another bad guy?

I slowly looked up. Right infront of me was a boy, about eighteen or nineteen in age. He had short brown hair, and looked to be about 5' 11. His eyes were a bright green color; just like mine.

~Yeah, I know it's short! But don't be so racist against shortness! Embrace it! Being short is awesome! Not that I would actually know..... :P~

Chapter 20

The Leapers *Chap. 2

~Alrighty! Here is chapter 2!!! I really hope you guys like it! Oh, and guess what! I was on the most popular list today!! YAY! I'm so proud of myself!! LOL. Anywhoo, well. Just so that you guys know.... I want this to be a series!! I already have the main plot set for 3 entire stories! Oh, yeah! Let's just hope I can write them all :P ~

I really hope you guys know what a Leaper is by now!!! ;)

Chapter 2.

"My name's Luke," the boy told me, holding his hand out for me. I hesitantly took it, and he helped me up.

"Jenna," I told him, brushing off all of the dirt on my clothes.

He grinned down at me; I couldn't help but grin back. "Thank you for saving me," I said, looking back into his bright green eyes. Only Leapers had eyes that green.

"No," he said. "Thank you!"

"What?" I asked.

"I've never met another Leaper before. It's exciting," he told me, a huge smile plastered on his face.

"Me neither."

He beamed, but then sighed. "The woman Seeker got away. I really don't know how." He shook his head. "It's not safe to be out here anymore."

I nodded, totally agreeing. I didn't want to be alone anymore. Not after I'd met him.

"Will you come with me?" He asked, holding out his hand again.

I instantly took his hand. He chuckled, making me realize what I'd just done. I didn't even know him

yet! But he was a Leaper, and he looked my age, and he was cute.....

I blushed, but otherwise ignored it. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach, making me bit my lip to hide my smile from him.

"Where are we going?" I asked him.

"My place," he told me, raising his eyebrows. "That IS okay, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Why wouldn't it be?"

He shrugged nonchalantly. "I dunno. It's just, well, we JUST met."

"You saved my life. How could I not trust you?"

We ended up at a small brick red building. He pulled me in through the door, then ran up the stairs.

****

His apartment was number 54. It was a small 1 bedroom, 1 bath. He had an old, beat up couch and a small TV. His bed was a twin, with a black comforter and pillow.

"Were going to have to leave tomorrow morning just to be safe," Luke told me as the two of us sat on his couch.

"My car's broken down." I groaned.

"Then we'll just have to use my car." He smiled.

"Where should we go?" I asked, still surprised that I was finally going to travel with somebody. Maybe I wouldn't have to go crazy after all.

"I was thinking Arizona, maybe?"

"Ok."

After that it was silent, but not in an awkward way. It was peaceful, stress less, kinda like how I felt at this exact moment.

"You can have my bed, tonight," Luke told me, breaking the silence.

I shook my head no. "It's your bed," I argued. "And I am NOT a bed stealer."

He laughed. "Fine. I'll get you some blankets."

I watched him walk into the other room, and then disappear. That's when I really started to think...

What if Luke and I lived alone with eachother for the rest of our lives? What would we become? Friends? More than friends? The thought made me feel anxious and excited at the same time.

Luke came back out with a big, knitted looking blanket and a small pillow.

"This was my grandmas," he told me, handing me the blanket. "She knitted it for me when I was just a baby."

"And you kept it?" I asked him.

"Of course!" He exclaimed, a big, wolfy grin appearing on his features. "I love family! I want one some day."

"Me too," I whispered, inching my way closer to him.

Our faces were almost touching, when I pulled him into a gigantic hug. "I'm glad you found me," I whispered in his ear.

"Me too."

I pulled back from him, taking my time in looking at him. He actually was really cute, especially now when he looked so nervous.

"So," he cleared his throat. "Do you want something to sleep in?"

"Um," I stuttered. "Yes, please."

He gripped the bottom edges of his shirt, then pulled it up and off, over his head. "Here," he said, handing it to me.

I raised my eyebrows in confusion. He shrugged. "I'm a guy. I don't have girl pajamas."

I took it, and placed it in my lap. "Your not gonna put it on?" He asked.

I blushed. "Not infront of you."

"Oh, yeah," he smiled sheepishly. "Well, sleep well. I'll wake you up in the morning, and then we'll take off shortly after. 'Kay?"

"Ok."

He hopped off of the couch and was about to walk into his room, when he stopped and asked, "You'll be okay, right? "

"Yeah," I beamed.

"Ok. Goodnight, Jenna." He emphasized the Jenna. I liked how my name sounded when he said it.

"Goodnight, Luke."

I heard the door close, and closed my eyes.

~OKKK!! Hope you guys liked it! This was just a filler chapter. Nothing special happens, except that they meet eachother and talk a little bit. Anyways, vote, comment, and become a fan! I love fans!!! ~

Chapter 21

The Leapers *Chap. 3

~OOOHH! YAY! Chapter three!! HEHEHE, hope you guys are all super excited!! I'm going to try to make this chapter longer than the other ones! I'm off of school for a little while, so I have more time to write! ;) Yay, if you guys didn't already hear... I made it on the Most Popular list!!! Oh, yeah! I'm so excited! I never thought that would happen!!!!!!!!! Anyways... hope you like this chapter! Comment and rate and become a fan please!~

Chapter 3.

A blonde haired, green eyed boy lay lifeless on the floor. His clothes were drenched with blood; his

entire body covered in a sheen of sweat. A seeker was approaching him, a very familiar one at that.

It was the woman Seeker that Luke had saved me from. And she was saving him.

She kneeled down next to him, wiping the sweat off of his head with the palm of her hand. Suddenly, his eyes were open. They were pitch black.

****

I woke up to the sound of Luke's voice. "Jenna, wake up!"

I gasped. "Luke?"

I looked up to see a smiling Luke. "I see you didn't like my shirt very much," he noted, holding the T-shirt he'd given me for pajamas in his left hand.

"Oh," I groaned, biting my lip. "Sorry. I forgot about it, and kinda feel asleep."

He laughed."It's cool. But right now, I think we should try to get going."

I nodded, sitting up and pushing the blanket off. "Do you think we could stop by my house first? So that I could at least get some clothes?"

He nodded. "Yeah, sure. But my truck doesn't have very much room for furniture, so-"

I cut him off. "It's okay. I'll just bring a blanket, and sleep on the floor."

"Okay." He held out his hand and helped me up.

I stretched out my arms until I heard my joints pop. I noticed that the clock on his microwave said 5: 57.

"What?!" I shrieked, causing Luke to jump.

"What?"

"5:57?" I asked him. "Is that clock right?"

"Yeah," he shrugged nonchalantly. "The Seeker could show back up at any time. We needed to leave as early as possible."

"Oh." I guess that was true. There really was no need to flip out. "Sorry."

****

"Sacremento, California. 50 miles to go," I said after seeing the street sign.

Luke grinned. "It's already starting to get dark. Do you wanna get a hotel?"

"I don't really have the money for a hotel," I told him nervously.

He sighed. "Yeah. Me neither."

"Well?" I asked. "Why not just sleep in here?" By here I meant his truck.

"I usually do that," he told me. "But it's kinda small for two people, don't you think?"

"We have blankets, right?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

"Yeah?"

"Then we can sleep in the trunk. We've got your mattress." I was surprised I actually came up with such a good idea.

He nodded in approval. "That's a good idea. What about dinner?"

I shrugged. "We have food in the cooler. We could make some sandwiches."

After about ten minutes Luke had found a good spot to pull over. He parked there, and we settled in. I set his blanket up on the mattress, along with 2 pillows.

"What do you like on your sandwich?" Luke asked me.

"Um..." I debated in my head. Peanut butter, or no peanut butter? Jelly or no jelly? "What do we have?" Wow, what a stupid question.

He cleared his throat. "Today's menu item is sandwiches!" He told me in his impersonation of an announcer voice. "We have a wide variety of toppings tonight. Peanut butter, and Jelly."

I laughed. "Wow! What a variety."

"I know!" He exclaimed.

"Alright. I guess I'll just have everything that's on the menu. Is that alright with you?" I asked sarcastically.

"Of course!" He said in a fake hurt voice.

After our sandwiches were made, he handed me mine. We sat on his mattress together, side by side.

It was the perfect time right now. Sunset. The sky was beautiful. It was one of those rare occasions when the sky looked pink and orange. There were no clouds; nothing but clear skies. Like I said, beautiful.

"I love it when the sky does that," I told Luke, pointing out towards the horizon.

"Does what?" He asked after taking another bite of his sandwich.

"Look at it!" I exclaimed, grinning at his childishness. How could he not notice something that was so simple and beautiful, yet so complex at the same time? It was hard not to notice it.

"The sky looks beautiful tonight. The sunset is perfect," I grinned.

He sat in silence for a few seconds, before looking up and beaming at me. "What?" I asked.

"Your nickname is now officially Sunset," he told me. "Sunny for short."

I snorted. "And what shall yours be??" I asked, more to myself than to him.

He shrugged. "I don't know."

"So it's a mystery, for now."

"I guess so."

****

sun had set, and we had finally finished our sandwiches. The two of us both laid down on his mattress; it was so tiny, the two of us were jammed really close. Not that I minded.

His body heat radiated onto me, making me shiver in delight.

"Are you cold?" He asked, wrapping an arm protectively around my waist.

"Not anymore," I giggled, snuggling into him. He didn't seem to mind, and I obviously didn't either. Wait. Was I flirting with him?

The two of us were quiet for a long time. Silence didn't seem to be awkward with the two of us, though.

"Look at the Big Dipper," Luke all of a sudden said, pointing up at the stars. We were far away from the city, deep in the heart of the country. Billions of stars were visible.

"Now that," he emphasizes the that. "That's beautiful."

"So your in love with the stars?" I asked.

"Not just the stars," he starts to explain. "But the whole solar system. It's all truly amazing."

"How so?"

"So much of it hasn't even been discovered yet," he said, mesmerized. "There has to be something else out there. Some other planet with living creatures on it."

I raised my eyebrows at him in confusion. He believed in aliens?

"Look at you and me," he told me, motioning with his hands between the two of us. "We're different. Were not just humans. We're special. Infact, we're not humans. We're Leapers. How could humans say that

there are no such thing as aliens when they live such a short amount of time?"

I was about to say something, when he continued. "How could we be the only planet with air, water, shelter, and food? There has to be somewhere else."

"I can see you're passionate about this," I noted, making him blush.

"I wanted to be an astronaut for a really long time." He shrugged lamely.

"And what do you wanna be now?" I asked.

He sighed. "I dunno. Just, happy?"

I smiled. "And your not happy now?"

"Actually," he grinned, his grip around my waist tightening. "I think I am."

"Good."

"What about you?" He asked.

"What ABOUT me?" I asked back.

"What do you wanna be?"

I sighed. "It's kinda stupid."

"I won't laugh," he told me, grinning sheepishly.

"Fine. I wanna be... a mom. A good mom."

"That's it?" He asks.

I nod.

"Why did you think I would laugh? That's beautiful."

I chuckled. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"The bonding between parent and child is deep. And it's, well, beautiful when people realize that."

I snickered. "How old are you again?"

"Truthfully, I've been alive for 77 years. But I still look like I'm 19."

I'd been alive for about 72 years, so I wasn't that far behind.

"Your very....mature, for a guy," I told him. Hopefully he wouldn't take that the wrong way.

"Well, what did you expect?" He asked. "If I hadn't grown up I would've died a long time ago. That's how it works in our world. We all have to be careful."

"Last night was a pretty good example of that," I said, making the two of us laugh together.

I yawned, making him yawn, too. You know what they say... Yawns are contagious!

"Goodnight, Luke."

"Sweet dreams, Sunny."

~Yay! I really hope that everybody liked this! I know I did! Luke and Jenna really start to develop a relationship in this chapter. They both kind of confess what they're passionate about. Anyways, vote, comment and become fans like always!!! Oh, yeah. If any of you guys know how to say star in Spanish, I would love to know! Or, if you have an idea for a nickname that Jenna could give Luke, suggest one, and I may just pick it!!! YAY! Love you all, Ashlee.~

P.S I'm makng a playlist for this story! It's still in the begining stage. Haha, but anyways..... If anyboy

wants to check it out, here's the link..... http://www.playlist.com/playlist/18405992715

Chapter 22

The Leapers *Chap.4

~Hehehehehehe. I just watched the first Underworld movie! And now I feel like writing about some action! But, sadly, there will most likely be no action....maybe romance, but the action will come later!! Alright, I have no idea why, but I just can't manage to write a long chapter... I want this one to be atleast 3 pages long, but since I have school tomorrow, and have to go to bed by curfew, (haha, yeah, right!) I think I'll aim for 2 pages again. ;) Love you all!~

Chap. 4

The boy stared up at the Seeker in confusion. His eyes faded back into the bright green color that they were originally.

The Seeker smiled down at him; it wasn't a good smile. "One year," she whispered.

He looked up at her in confusion, and watched as she pushed his shirt up to his chest. A huge, black rose was now engraved into the mid-section of his stomach.

****

I awoke; sitting up and startled. Why was I having dreams about the same thing twice? What was it even about?

It was still dark, and the night had gotten colder. I shivered, my teeth chattering together.

I looked down at Luke, watching the slow rise and fall of his chest. I traced down his cheek with my hand; his skin felt silky smooth. Unexpectedly, his hand caught mine, making me slightly jump. A slow smile spread across his face; his eyes were still closed.

"You feeling me up in my sleep?" Luke asked, chuckling.

I laughed, too. "No. Just, um, feeling your skin, I guess." I bit my lip, waiting for his reaction.

He just laughed again, making me sigh in relief.

It seemed like we did that a lot. Laughed. He made me happy, even though I'd only known him for a short period of time. It felt like I'd known him my whole life; he was familiar to me.

"You make me happy," I whispered, not even regretting it. I was too happy to regret anything at the moment.

"Really?" He asked in my ear, making me shiver again.

He pulled me back against him, the side of my body molded perfectly with his.

"Luke?" I asked, making him turn and face me. Good, I liked this a lot better. I could actually see his face.

"Yeah?"

"How long do you think this is going to last?" I asked. It was a horrible thought, but I still needed to know. How long would he actually put up with me?

"How long is what gonna last?"

"You and me," I whispered, hoping that he couldn't hear me. I was afraid of his answer.

"What do you mean, you and me?" He asked, his eyes filling with alarm. "Are you really already getting tired of me?"

"No!" I exclaimed in surprise. I thought that he would get sick of me! "No. I'm not sick of you at all. I was actually thinking about the other way around. "

"What?!" He laughed at me. "I could never get sick of you!"

"But how can you be sure of that?" I murmured against his shoulder, making my voice sound muffled.

He sighed. "Jenna, your someone that I can talk to. Somebody who I can tell all of my secrets to. I honestly wouldn't care if you were an eighty year old drunk. You're a Leaper."

I chuckled. "So your saying that I could do pretty much anything, and get away with it? You wouldn't care if I started doing drugs and slitting my wrists, as long as I still talked to you?"

He frowned. "Of course I would care. You'd be harming your body by doing that. It'd be a shame....."

"Excuse me?"

"Your beautiful, Jenna," he whispered, making butterflies flutter in my stomach just like they did when he very first held my hand. Except this was different; it was stronger.

"Your just saying that," I said, making his eyebrows furrow in frustration.

"Why would I lie about something like that?" He asks.

I shrug.

"It's true, Jenna," he tells me, tracing his hand down my jaw line . "Any guy in the world would be stupid not to see that."

"Thanks," I whisper.

He inched his way closer to mine, his warm breath washing over my face. He smelt like strawberry jam and peanuts. I closed my eyes, thinking that that was what I was supposed to do. That's what people always do in the movies, right?

And then the sound of crickets filled my ears. I gasped and opened my eyes. "What?" Luke asked frantically, thinking that he'd done something wrong.

"Crickets!!!" I shouted. I hopped off of the mattress, and out of the trunk. I ran all the way to the big field that we'd stopped by.

"Where are you going?" Luke called out, but I didn't reply. He could figure that out on his own.

The grass was about knee high, making it a perfect place for all of the crickets to hide. I sprinted through the field, watching all of the crickets hop in the air and out of my way. They were literally everywhere.

I giggled to myself, remembering my childhood. I was fascinated with bugs, but mainly crickets. I loved when they sang. At least I called it singing. I thought

it was amazing how they spoke just by rubbing their wings together.

I ended up laying down in the grass, looking back up at the sky. The sun was finally starting to rise. Luke joined me not much later.

"Crickets, huh?" He asked.

I giggled. "They're one of my many childhood obsessions."

He shook his head, a gigantic grin plastered on his face. He closed his eyes in an attempt to fall back asleep.

And then, without even thinking, I leaned over, forhead to forhead, and pressed my lips against his.

~YAY! I seriously hope this was atleast two pages long! Haha. Anyways, vote and comment please! Your guys' comments make me sing inside! Lol. Hope you guys liked it, Love, MEEEEE!~

Chapter 23

The Leapers *Chap. 5

~AHhhh!! I'm trying my best to update quick (: It seems to be going alright! Haha, I just watched 10,000 B.C It's a fantastical movie. If any of you guys haven't seen it, you seriously need to rent it! So, just so people know, the guy in Jenna's dreams is NOT Luke. Luke has brown hair! The guy in her dreams has blonde hair. The whole dream thing will make sense later, just be patient ;) If I told you now it would ruin the whole story line!! Hope you guys enjoy this!~

Chap. 5

~3 Weeks Later~

The dreams keep happening. Every night I dream about that boy. And every night's different. One night, I dreamt of him trying to cut the black rose off of his stomach. It was painful to watch. The rose was completely engraved into his skin, so it was pretty much useless.

The next morning I'd woken up in tears.

I'd also had another one. It wasn't anything special. He'd been driving for a long time, and then he just stopped at some random house. It was huge, with white and blue trimming. He knocked on the door, and went inside. I woke up after that.

Luke had started to get worried about me, but for some reason I didn't tell him about the dreams at all. "Jen, what's up with you?" He'd asked one night.

"Nothing," I said quietly. "It's just, Arizona brings back bad memories of my childhood. I'm still trying to get used to this."

Lies. I grew up in Portland, Oregon. The exact opposite of Arizona. Arizona was hot and dry, while Oregon was cold and wet. It rained constantly there.

But I grew up with the rain, so I eventually started to appreciate it. The only green in Arizona came from cactus'.

I couldn't help but wonder.... Who was the boy in my dreams? Was he real? Why was I dreaming about him? Shouldn't I be dreaming about Luke instead?

"Jenna?" Luke asked, snapping his fingers infront of my face. "Jenna, are you there?"

"Um, yeah," I stuttered.

He sighed.

The two of us had found an apartment together. It was small; one bedroom, one bath, but that was really all we needed. The two of us both snagged a job at the local hardware store. Our boss was this old, balding guy. He looked pretty mean, but in the end, he was actually quite funny. Luke and I called him Skip.

When there were no more costumers, Skip would tell us about what it was like when he was a kid. They were actually quite interesting. But then again, Skip

had no idea that me and Luke were alive back then, too.

Luke and I were working together. We'd worked out a deal with Skip. If we listened to his stories, he would have us work the same shift. We also worked with a girl named Lucy. She was a cute little red head, with sparkly hazel eyes.

She checked Luke out a lot. Especially when she thought I wasn't looking. Too bad she didn't know the truth, that he was actually an 80 year old man. I don't think she'd be looking at him like that anymore if she knew.

But she kept on staring. I glared at her, making Luke laugh. "Is someone jealous?" He asked, wrapping an arm around my waist.

I grunted. He chuckled, and kissed the top of my forhead. "You know she doesn't matter. Besides, I'm not much into red heads."

"Really?" I asked sarcastically, making him laugh again.

"Really," he whispered. He pressed his lips up against mine; but he always does that now. It doesn't make me nervous like it did at the beginning.

I sighed and looked down at the clock. It was now 5:47. The store closed at 6:30, and as soon as we cleaned up shop and checked out, we would be free to leave.

Luke went to go work at the register, while I stayed and tidied up the shelves. I heard giggling come from a few aisles away. I quietly crept over, and peeked through a crack in between some boxes and the nest shelve up.

Lucy was helping another customer. He looked to be about 17, with brown hair and brown eyes. He had tan skin, and a nice body. The two of them were totally flirting; you could tell by her smile.

I grinned. I may not like this girl very much, but at least she looked happy, and would hopefully stop flirting with Luke.

The rest of our shift went quickly. Afterwards, Luke and I walked to his truck, hand in hand.

"So, what should we do for dinner tonight?" Luke asked me after we'd gotten in the car.

I shrugged. "You know, I haven't had fast food in a really long time...."

"McDonalds it is!" He exclaimed.

We drove to McDonalds in silence.

****

"Hey!" Luke yelled, after being pelted in the head with a french fry. I laughed, but was interrupted. A chicken nugget hit me right on the forhead. I watched it fall to the floor.

One of the worker ladies scowled at us, knowing that she'd have to clean our mess up later. But c'mon! It's McDonalds. It's not like they're busy or anything.

I grabbed the first thing I could find; a Big Mac. I threw it at him, and hit him on the chest. He chuckled. "Is that the best you can do?" He challenged, his eyebrows slightly raising.

"You saying you can do better?" I asked, retaliating back.

He hopped up, and ran to order something else. He came back 20 mini ice cream sundaes.

I stared at all of them. He smirked. "Are you serious?" I asked.

"Help me carry these outside."

I snorted. "Alright."

We ran outside, and automatically I felt something cold and sticky seep through my hair.

"You did not just do that!" I yelled at him. "Do you know how long that's gonna take me to get out of my hair?"

He grinned.

I grabbed two sundaes, pulled the lids off, and launched them at him. One missed, but then the other hit him in the face.

I started to laugh uncontrollably, until he came right up to me, and shoved ice cream down my shirt.

I gasped. "Cold!!"

I grabbed a few more sundaes, scooped all of the ice cream out with my hands, and flung it all over his shirt.

By the time we were done, the two of us were both covered in ice cream. There were two sundaes left. I was about to reach for them, when he grabbed my hand. "How 'bout we actually eat these ones?"

I nodded. He handed me a spoon, and I dug in. We sat on the sidewalk together, with his arm around my shoulders.

After I'd finished, I set down my container, and gazed out towards the sky. I searched for the Big Dipper again, but had no luck in finding it.

"Where's the Big Dipper?" I asked Luke.

"Hm, right there," he pointed up towards the sky. I couldn't tell where it was, even though he was pointing at it. I just nodded my head and acted like I saw it, too.

"This is going to be hard to wash," Luke said, pulling part of his shirt up. The two of us laughed in sync.

"Crap!" I suddenly yelled. "We don't have any laundry soap left."

"We can buy some on the way home."

****

Thriftway. That's where we went. I'm pretty sure we both looked horrible, but I honestly didn't care. At least we looked horrible together.

Luke and I both agreed that we should watch a movie together. The choice was between Underworld, and 10,000 B.C. We'd ran out of popcorn though.

While Luke went to get the Laundry soap, I went to the popcorn aisle.

I compaired the prices of the different types of popcorn. JiffyPop, or Butter O'lay? I just decided to go with a box of JiffyPop.

When I turned to go find Luke, I ran straight into somebody.

"Sorry!" We both exclaimed at the same time. I looked up, to see the brightest green eyes on the whole entire plant.

~OMG??!! What's going to happen next?? Lol, I know, but you don't!! Anyways..... Butter O'lay is totally fake... I think. I just made it off the top of my head, since I couldn't think of any other brands of popcorn (: OK, so... The Ice Cream Sundae Fight. Boy, would I like to have one of those. Preferably with a boyfriend :P Hope you all liked it!~

Chapter 24

The Leapers *Chap. 6

~Ahhh! Hope I didn't make anybody wait too long! Lol, I left it off at a bit of a cliffhanger.I wish I could write more frequently, but I do have a life! Between school, yearbook committee, and Concert band, it's hard to find time to write. But, I'll write whenever I can! I reassure all of you that!! (: Anyways.... I bet your wondering who that guy she bumped into is??? Is it the guy from her dreams?? Haha, guess you'll just have to read to find that out!~

Chap. 6

"Oh my god," the guy whispered to himself, a big grin forming on his face. "Do you wanna... come with me?" He asked, holding his hand out.

I stared at it for a long time, then told him, "Actually, I'm with somebody. He's just getting some laundry soap."

He smiled. "I'm Craig."

"Jenna."

"I know," he told me.

"What?" I asked. "How?"

He ran a hand through his dark brown hair. "Missy said the two of you would be somewhere around here. By the way, nice outfit."

I looked down at myself, to see my clothes stained with vanilla ice cream and chocolate syrup. I laughed. "Ice cream sundae fight. Don't ask."

He grinned. I took this moment of silence to really get a good look at him. He had dark brown, shaggy hair, and, of course, bright green eyes. He was about 5'11,

and had a medium body build. He looked to be about 21.

"Jenna!" I heard Luke call. I looked over to see him staring intently at the two of us.

Craig cleared his throat. "Luke?" He asked.

I nodded.

Luke walked over to us, lightly throwing his arm over my shoulders. "Who's this?" He asked.

"I'm Craig," Craig told him, holding his hand out again. Luke and him shook hands.

I guess it was then that Luke finally noticed Craig's eyes. He gasped, making Craig laugh. "I know, the eyes?"

Luke nodded. "There's a lot more of us. Just up North, in the Vancouver area."

"You mean...." I trailed off.

"How 'bout this. You guys buy all of your stuff, and then we can talk about it. In private?"

"Sure, sure," Luke said, bewildered and out of it. The two of us watched Craig walk out the door.

"Oh my god," I whispered. And then I squealed. "We're gonna meet other Leapers!!!"

"C'mon, let's buy our stuff!" Luke exclaimed.

After we paid the cashier, the two of us ran outside together, hand in hand. Craig was nowhere in sight. "Where did he go?" I asked, quietly to myself.

"Are you serious"? Luke asks. "He couldn't even tell us where he was going?"

A chorus of chuckles came from behind us. I looked back, and saw Craig and another boy laughing at us.

The other boy had light blonde hair, and light green eyes. He had some muscle; you could just tell, and was about 6 feet tall.

I gasped, covering my mouth with one of my hands. The boy from my dream. It was most defiantly him. Seeing him in person actually kind of frightened me.

I squeezed my eyes shut, and buried my head in Luke's chest. "What's wrong?" Luke whispered quietly. I knew we would have an audience.

I started to sob. "Shh," Luke soothed me, running his hand through my long brown hair.

"What's wrong with her?" Craig asked.

"I-I don't know," Luke confessed to the two of them.

I honestly didn't know why I was acting like this. But I did know one thing. That boy from my dreams scared me, and I for sure didn't trust him.

"She's frightened," The other boy stated.

I ground my teeth together. "Jenna?" Luke asked. I looked up at him, tears still streaming down my face. "Jenna, everything's gonna be okay. You have nothing to be worried about." And then, he leaned down and whispered in my ear, "If either one of them tries to hurt you, I still have my gun."

I started to laugh. The two other boys stared at us in confusion, but Luke and I ignored them.

He wiped my tears away, and kissed me on the cheek. "I really, really like you, Jenna."

"I like you, too," I told him. He smiled, and kissed me on the lips. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips against his harder.

A throat being cleared made the both of us jump. Craig stood there, arms crossed, while the other boy just stared at the ground; uncomfortable

"Sorry," I told them, but mostly Craig.

"I think we've got ourselves a couple of lovebirds, eh, Ian?" Craig nudged the other guy in the ribs. I guess his name was Ian.

"Yeah," he said.

"So, you guys want to travel back to Olympia with us? Meet the rest of the family?" Craig asked us.

"Yeah, of course," Luke answered for the two of us. He wrapped his arm around my waist, making me smile up at him.

"We start the drive back tomorrow," Ian added in, making me silently scowl. Why did he even have to speak??

Wait. Why was I thinking like that? Why was I acting like such a witch?

"Ok, " Luke said. "What are we supposed to do for tonight?"

"We got a hotel room," Craig told us. "We'll meet here tomorrow, at 8 o'clock?"

"We'll see you then," Luke said. The two of us waved, and then we took off.

****

~At the Apartment~

"Why were you so scared earlier?" Luke asked as the two of us laid down in our bed. This would be the last time we would actually be alone together. It felt too soon, like we'd only been together for a short period of time. But maybe that was because it was actually true.

"You wouldn't believe me," I whispered.

He wrapped both of his arms around me, and pulled me against him. "Of course I'll believe you."

I sighed. "Ian scares me."

"Why?" he whispered, pushing a stray piece of hair behind one of my ears. He traced his fingertips down my jawline, leaving a trail of tingles.

"I've seen him before. In my dreams," I told him. "He was a bad guy in my dreams, so I thought that he might be a bad guy in real life, too."

"Oh." Luke said thoughtfully. "Well, you know I'd never, ever let him hurt you, right?"

"Of course," I whispered.

~Ok, so it wasn't a great ending to the chapter. But it doesn't always need to be a cliffhanger!!!!! Anyways, hope everybody liked it? Yay! You found out who the guy in her dreams was. But, what do the dreams have to do with any of it??? Leave a comment with your guess!! ;)~

Chapter 25

The Leapers *Chap. 7

~I was watching Transformers 2 earlier, but then my little brother kept switching scenes and everything. I got sort of pissed and went to my room. (: Hehe. I thought that now would be the perfect time to write another chapter, since I actually finished my math homework this weekend! LOL. Thanksgiving Break is coming up soon! And so is the Premier of New Moon! Yay! I can't wait!! Hope you guys enjoy this one! ~

P.S- this is like a continuum of chapter 6!! And yes, that IS how you spell continuum. I looked it up ;)))))

Chap. 7

"You have no idea how happy I am that we found each other," Luke whispered, sending pleasurable shivers down my spine.

"Really?" I asked him in a joking tone. I trailed a finger all the way down his chest, to the top of his boxers. He closed his eyes; embracing my touch. "Luke?" I asked, a thought suddenly popping up in my head.

"Hm?"

I removed my hand from his chest. "You're not gonna leave me after this, are you?" I whispered, my voice both sad and angry at the same time.

"Of course not!" He cried, sitting up and pulling me with him. He grabbed both my hands, and held them in his. "You know I'm not like that. I would never leave you. You're the most beautiful girl in the world. How could I just give you up like that? I'd have to be stupid to do that. I mean-"

I cut him off with a kiss. Luke chuckled. "What was that for?" He asks.

"I just wanted to shut you up," I told him. "And who said I was done?"

He grinned. "Well I sure as hell didn't," he raised his hands in mock defense.

I pounced on him, making him fall onto his back. I brought my lips down hard against his. He moved his hands to both sides of my waist, pulling me tightly against his body; my legs found their way to either side of him.

Our lips moved in sync with each other, our tongues dancing to the rhythm of an unknown song. Slowly and gently, I felt him roll the two of us over, making him on top.

He then moved his lips on to my neck, hungrily grazing over each and every inch. An involuntary moan slipped through my lips; I guess that's when he decided exactly what he wanted to happen tonight.

His hands moved to the fabric of my little black undershirt, and slowly peeled it off of me.

I felt revealed and naked; insecure about my body. Would he like what he saw, or not?

His lips eventually found their way back to mine, making a familiar warmth spread throughout my entire body. His hands slowly moved up my back, all the way to my bra clip. He fumbled around with it, until I heard a tiny click. He'd unhooked it.

And then reality came crashing down on me. I'd only known him for a month, and I was just going to give my virginity away to him? Just like that? Sure, I liked him. But did I love him? No, no I didn't. Not yet.

I think he felt it when I gave up. "What's wrong?" He whispered in my ear.

I looked into his eyes, and saw a number of emotions. Passion, enthusiasm, and then there was one other. It was a mix between love and lust.

I was scared to tell him the truth. What if he got mad, or offended? But, in the end, I had to do it. "I-I don't- I'm not ready, for something like this," I whispered.

"Oh," he said, his voice barely audible.

"I'm sorry," I told him. And I truly was. I mean, I did lead him on quite a bit.

"You shouldn't be."

"What?" I asked, completely confused.

"You're not ready, and I respect that," he said, his voice full of admiration. "I don't think I'm that ready, either."

I sighed in relief, and pulled my tank top back on over my now unhooked bra. It was more comfortable to me to sleep without it. I quickly pulled the bra straps off my shoulders; it ended up on the floor.

I hopped up, and gave Luke a big, heartfilled hug. "Thank you," I whispered, kissing him on the cheek. He placed a hand on one side of my face, and gently kissed me on the lips. "I think I'm falling in love with you," he murmured.

~OMG!! DID he REALLY just tell her that?? YES! He did!! LOL, sorry if my little intimate scene wasn't very inciteful! LOL. Gosh, I have so many things planned for this story!! Hehehehe, I hope your all very excited!! (: sorry if this chapter was short! Just wanted to get another one out before I went to bed!! Love yall!~

Chapter 26

The Leapers *Chap. 8

~I think this is the longest time that it took me to update! Ahhhh, so sorry :(But anyways, I hope you guys all like this so far. I have so much planned out for this story. I hope one day that it can truly withhold it's potential.... Wow, that sounded really weird. Haha, anyways... once I get further into this story, I might write a scene from the second one, just because I can't get one little scene out of my head. Yeah, I know. Weird. But anyways... I'll most likely post it up. Just to see if it draws people in. Yeah, I'm totally rambling! Hope you like this next chapter. I wrote it for my FANS! :D~

P.S- I don't think this chapter is going to be very good. It's just a filler until the next one (: Still, I hope you guys enjoy this none the less!

Chapter 8.

The next morning

At exactly 8 o'clock, on the dot, they showed up. Craig had told us just to drive our truck and follow behind them.

Luke had turned on a random radio station, and the song, 'Paralyzer,' by Finger Eleven had come on. We were both singing along, moving our heads swiftly to the beat.

By the time the song was over, we were both cracking up at each other's voices.

He turned down the radio, and slowly wrapped his arm around my shoulder; going slowly just to see if I was okay with it. A smug smile spread across my face. And then he knew I liked it. I snuggled into him; as best as I could while still keeping my seatbelt on. We drove in silence.

I moved my gaze outside of the car, to see desert. We were obviously still in Arizona. It felt like hours before the car in front of us finally pulled over. Under Craig's orders, Luke pulled over, too.

The two of us quickly hopped out of the car, and were greeted by Craig and Ian.

I still had a bad feeling about Ian, but I'd decided that, as long as he was nice to me, and I was never left alone with him, I would be nice to him, too.

We'd pulled in to a little Diner called Ronnie's. My stomach growled, making me realize for the first time that I actually was pretty hungry.

"Well," Craig smiled at the both of us, clapping his hands together. "I don't know about you guys, but I'm starving."

****

"So," Luke started, looking across the booth to Ian and Craig. "How long have you guys been with the others? Is there a lot of them?"

All four of us had ordered, and we'd just been served our food. I sat quietly, anxious to hear their answers.

"There's about 30 of us," Craig answered, after swallowing a bite of his bacon cheeseburger.

"30?" I asked, astonished.

Craig nodded. "I've been with them since I was born. My mother was a Leaper, and, since half of me is her, I guess I was blessed with the whole, 4x slower thing."

"So if two Leapers had a baby, the baby would age four times slower, just like a Leaper?" Luke questioned.

I blushed, realizing who he must be thinking about. "Yeah," Craig answered, a knowing smile on his face.

I turned and looked at Ian, who was sitting there, quietly playing with his food. His face looked torn, guilty and pissed all at once. "So, Ian," I cleared my throat. He looked up, amaze that I'd actually talked to him. "How long have you been with them?"

"About three weeks, actually," he told me, making the dreams pop up in my head once again.

I'd dreamt about him showing up to a house once. And, that dream was actually about... three weeks ago.

A sharp pain pierced through the right side of my skull, making me gasp in agony. "What's wrong?" Luke asked, eyeing me nervously.

"Uh- um, headache," I stuttered, making him frown. "It'll pass. It's nothing." I assured him.

He nodded. "How long do you think it is going to take us to get... where are going, anyways?"

Craig laughed. "We maintain a permanent residence, just outside Olympia, Washington. It was built deep in the forest, so we don't exactly have neighbors."

I faded out after that part. My mind wandered to other places, like Ian. I turned to look at him; he was closely watching me, eyeing my every movement. Not in a threatening way, but in a way that said, "Don't trust me. You'll just end up hurting yourself."

When I looked at him, my very first dream of him came flooding back into my memory.

His eyes had been pitch black. But surely they couldn't have been. That was completely impossible.

And then the Black Rose. What could it have meant? Was it still there? Was it even real?

My eyes involuntarily scanned over his chest; I could imagine him peeling his shirt off. And would it be there? Suddenly, I wanted to see so badly if that Black Rose was real or not. I wanted to know the truth about my dreams. If they were fiction or fact.

"Jenna?" I heard Luke asked.

My head snapped up, and I was looking back at him. "Hmm?"

"Still got a headache?" He asked.

"No. No, it's gone."

"Good," he whispered, wrapping an arm protectively around my waist, and pulling me against him.

"That reminds me..." Craig started. "How long have you two been together?" He points his finger at the two of us.

"About a month," Luke said.

"He saved me," I told Craig, making his eyes light up with bewilderment and wonder. Luke chuckled. "Three Seekers were after me. And just as they were about to catch me, Luke showed up. We've been inseparable ever since."

"What was it like?" Craig asked.

"What was what like?"

"Being so close to death," he said.

I gulped. "Frightening. It felt like the worst way for me to die, too. In the hands of Seekers."

"I'll be right back," Ian exclaimed, hopping up and running towards the bathroom, a sick, tortured expression on his features.

"Do you think he'll be okay?" Luke asked Craig, looking worried, too.

Craig shrugged. "Probably the flu. It seems to me he's got a pretty weak stomach."

****

~Later that night~

Craig and Ian helped us to a hotel. But, we only had enough money for one room, so Luke and I were going to have to stay with them.

I wasn't worried about anything, though. I could trust Craig, that was for sure. He was a Leaper, and already it felt like he were my family. I was a little worried about Ian, but so far he seemed completely harmless.

Luke and I got to share a bed together, while Craig slept on the other bed, and Ian slept on the couch.

At about 10:30, we had all settled down. Craig had already fallen asleep; a light, friendly sounding snore came from his side of the room.

When Luke and I thought that Ian had fallen asleep, we decided to talk. "Are you still scared of Ian?" Luke asked, in a quiet whispery voice.

"Not like I was," I told him. He smiled at me.

"Good. 'Cause he seems nice so far."

I shrugged. "I guess so."

Luke kissed me lightly on the cheek, and whispered, "Goodnight, puesta del sol".

I giggled. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means sunset in Spanish," Luke told me.

"Goodnight, My Stargazer."

Luke chuckled.

I sighed, resting my head on his chest. I loved feeling him breathe through the night. Eventually his breathing slowed, telling me that he was asleep.

My last few thoughts before I fell asleep were of my headache that I'd had earlier. I knew it wasn't just a random headache. It had come for a reason.

But as soon as I slipped into my own little dream world, I'd forgotten all about it.

****

If only I would have known what that headache meant. If only I could have known that it was a warning.

~Ok, so sorry if this story seemed kind of fast paced. I mean, yeah Luke and her just met these two guys and now they are staying in a hotel with them? But the reason is, is because that all Leapers are family, and they trust one another. It's kind of what it has to be like, since there as so little of them left. (: Hope that made it more understandable and/or realistic for ya. Love you all!~

Chapter 27

The Leapers *Chap. 9

~Yay. I was really excited to write this chapter! So I thought I'd write it now (: But it may not be that long! I have a lot of homework tonight, sadly. Hehe, but I'm a slacker! Hope you guys like this! And, for all of the people who gave me a character idea, I can't use all of them, but I will try my best anyways. Don't be offended if I don't use your idea! It's the thought that counts :D So, I'll probably write the Prologue soon. But I think I should get further into this story, first! LOL, Love you all, Ashlee!~

Chapter 9.

I was deep in the forest, and surrounded by nothing but tall Evergreen trees. The air was cold; I could see my breath. I was wearing my pajamas and was completely barefoot.

The sound of yelling and screaming filled my ears. It sounded like a boy. Immediately my mind thought of Luke. Oh god, what if it was Luke?

I took off running towards the noise, not even thinking about the danger that would be awaiting. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except Luke.

When I finally reached him, I realized that it wasn't Luke at all. Luke had brown hair and this boy had blonde hair.... Ian.

He lay limp on the forest floor; he was in the most awkward position. As if somebody had tortured him, or he'd fallen and broken his back. His whole entire body shook violently; he was gasping for air.

"Ian?" I whispered, my forehead creasing in worried lines.

He looked up at me, and I instantly froze. His eyes were pitch black again.

I started backing away from him, afraid that he was going to somehow hurt me. A sob broke through my chest, followed by many others.

"U-u-uh, J-Jen-Jenna," Luke stuttered.

I looked down at him. His skin looked chalky; his face was covered with a thick sheet of sweat.

"Jenna, Kill me."

****

I didn't wake up sitting upright and gasping for air like I usually do. I just opened my eyes. The same headache that I'd had earlier had returned. I moaned in pain, rubbing my temples. I sat upright, and saw that it was still dark outside.

It felt stuffy and crowded in the room. I decided that I needed some fresh air.

I hopped out of the bed, making sure not to wake Luke up. Each hotel room had it's own personal deck with a few lawn chairs and a small glass table.

As soon as I opened the door, the cool air hit my face, making me sigh in relief. I sat down in a lawn chair,

and closed my eyes; enjoying the alone time while it lasted.

It didn't last long. I heard the glass door slide open, close, and then someone sit beside.

I didn't dare take a peek to see who it actually was. "Luke?" I asked.

No answer.

"Craig?"

No answer.

I opened my eyes, too see a tired looking Ian, staring intently at me.

"You're afraid of me," he stated, no emotion withheld in his voice. I nodded.

"Don't be," he whispered.

"You heard us talking earlier, didn't you?" I asked, finally able to find my voice.

He shrugged. "I guess I'm a better fake sleeper than I thought I was."

"I'm sorry if I offended you."

"Naw, but I really don't understand how you could be scared of me," he chuckles. "I mean, look at Craig. He's twice my size!"

I laughed with him. It was true. Craig was a total muscle machine, while Ian was just normal. He had a little bit of muscle, but nothing compared to Craig.

After laughing with him, I noticed that my headache had completely faded away.

"So," Ian started. "Why are you up at-" he looks down at a watch on his wrist. "-3:51 in the morning?"

"I could be asking you the same exact question," I murmured.

He laughed. "I can't sleep well. I wake up every hour or so."

"Really?" I asked. "That sucks."

"Um, if you don't mind me asking," Luke said nervously. "Uh, your power?"

"I don't really know what it is, or how to control it," I told him, looking down at my hands. "I can

manipulate electricity. Shock people with just one touch. It's actually kind of fascinating to me."

He froze. "What?"

"What did I say?" I asked worriedly.

He seemed to recover from whatever was bugging him after that. "Uh, nothing. I just thought I heard something."

"Oh. Well, do you have one?" I asked.

He grinned. "Strength."

"So your like, super strong or something?"

He laughed. "You could call it that. And what about Luke?"

"Luke can sense emotions, in a way." Luke's power was hard to explain. "He knows what you want and need, and what you feel, he just doesn't know why."

Ian and I talked like this for a long time, until the sun had finally started to rise. "Oh my god," I laughed. "It's already almost time to wake up."

Luke chuckled. "I think we should go back in there before they wake up and notice were gone."

I nodded. We hurriedly went into the room. I crawled back into bed with Luke, and Ian went back onto the couch.

"Good night. Er- morning," Ian said, making me giggle. Sleep deprived much?

"Good morning!"

I closed my eyes, and snuggled myself deep into Luke's chest.

I had a feeling that Ian could be a great friend one day. Too bad friends can't always be trusted.

~I know. I didn't go into depth about Ian's and Jenna's conversation at all. But nothing really important actually happened! They just talked about random crap. Yeah, sorry if this chapter is kind of crappy and short. :(But I have a life, and in that life a have a whole crap-load of homework and extra cirruculum stuff. I had to write an alternate book ending to The Host tonight, which took me forever!!! And also I had math homework. And band homework. And even

Social Studies HW. So I think you get my drift!! Love you all, MEE!~

P.S- Sorry that I forgot to mention Luke's power earlier in the story. I totally forgot about it until just now!!

Chapter 28

The Leapers *Chap.10

~So, I don't really want to write a whole chapter about them driving, so we'll just say it's a few days later, and now they're arriving at the house! Thanks to all of the people who commented and gave me Character ideas! I'll probably use some of them, but I can't use all of them! Sorry D: I sent you all the Prologue of The Seeker. Hope you liked it! Check your Private Message inbox!!~

Chapter 10.

5 Days Later

"I think we're getting close," Luke told me. "We're already in Olympia."

Without even thinking, I brought my hand to my lips, and started biting down on my fingernails. Ugh, stupid bad habits!

"Nervous?" Luke asked, reassuringly wrapping an arm around my shoulders. He flashed me his cheesiest smile, making me giggle.

"A little..." I trailed off, letting my words sink in.

"Don't worry," He told me. "Cause I'm nervous as hell too. Just act confident, and act like you've done this millions of times. They'll eat your acting skills right up!"

I scoffed. "Are you making fun of my acting skills?"

He took in a deep breath through his nose; thinking about his answer. "Yeah, pretty much."

I playfully slapped his arm. "Jerk!"

He laughed. "Yeah. Jerk that you love."

Love? Did I really love him? I knew for sure that I was falling for him, but did I love him already?

"Look!" Luke shouted, pulling me out of my own thoughts. He was pointing towards a big wooden

house. It looked to be about three stories tall, and reminded me of a giant cabin.

After Craig and Ian pulled up, Luke pulled up his truck, and then cut the engine.

"I can feel your nervousness," Luke told me, both hands on the sides of my face; our foreheads barely touching. "It's radiating back to me. Just stay calm. They're gonna love you."

I laughed. "Let's go."

Luke opened his door, jumped out, and pulled me with him; on my part unwillingly.

I wanted to meet new people, I honestly did. But I was afraid. What if they didn't like me? Or what if they were all stuck up and snooty? How could I fit in with people like that? Exactly. I couldn't.

Luke would fit in better than me. He was a good actor; a good adapter. And I wasn't.

He slung a loose arm over my shoulders, pulling my side closer to his. "It's gonna be okay," he whispered, tickling my ear with his breathe.

"Craig!" I heard a women's voice call. I looked to the front entrance of the house, to see a young looking woman with long black hair, green eyes, and a hazelnut shaped face. She was a petite looking women, only standing around 5'2. By her side was a strong looking man, with dark brown hair, and very defined cheekbones. He was at least a head taller than the women.

The women wore a cheeky grin on her face; embracing Craig in a warm hug. "You're back safely!" She exclaimed, and then turned to Luke and I. "And I see you brought back some guests."

"Uh, guys," Craig said a little awkwardly. "This is Missy, and her husband John."

Missy. I remembered Craig mentioning her back when we'd met at Thriftway. It was something about Missy saying that Luke and I would be somewhere around there.

"Missy's kind of like a Step-Mom to me," Craig told us.

"I'm Luke," Luke started, holding out his hand for the two of them to shake. John shook his hand, but Missy gave him a big hug, just like she'd done with Craig.

"I'm-"

"Genevieve!" Missy exclaimed, cutting me off and pulling me into a bone crunching hug. "Welcome to the family, you two."

Well so much for them being snooty.....

"Thanks," I smiled.

"Well!" She cried. "Ready to meet the rest of the family?"

"If I say yes will you believe me?" I asked.

"Not one bit!" She grinned, grabbing my hand and pulling me through the doors. Luke followed quickly behind.

The inside of the house was beautiful, making me stare at the interior; awe-struck.

The floor was a shiny mahogany wood, all throughout the entire living room. There were various different rugs all around, which each

complimented the mahogany quite gracefully. Soft brown leather couches were placed in the middle of the room, facing a large, plasma screen T.V. There were numerous pictures and paintings nailed to the walls. There was one that caught my eye in particular. It was a painting of a girl, with two different boys at her side. The first boy had a hurt look on his face, but still looked beautiful. The other boy looked confident in himself. But the girl paid neither one of them any attention.

The painting seemed so old fashioned, yet so new at the same time. The strokes of paint looked small; it was hard to tell they were even there. The painting fascinated me, even though it really didn't seem all that special.

Hanging above my head, was a huge, stunning glass chandelier that looked like it was completely brand new. Just their Living Room put Luke's and my apartment to shame.

"It's beautifully decorated," I told Missy.

"Sarah!!" Missy hollered up the stairs. An unnatural swoosh of wind swept through the house. All of a

sudden there was a girl right in front of us. She had long blonde hair, and bright sky blue eyes. How was that even possible?

"I'm Sarah," she told me, outstretching her long, skinny arm. I shook her hand, but still had thoughts about her eyes in my head.

"Sarah, could you maybe show her around the house? Introduce her to a couple of people?" Missy asked, expectantly raising her eyebrows at Sarah.

"Sure."

I looked around for Luke, and found him talking with John, Missy's husband. I watched him for a few seconds, until he looked over at me. I smiled and waved at him. He did the same.

"Boyfriend?" Sarah asked, leading me up the stairway.

"Um," I started, a huge grin forming on my face. "Yeah. That's Luke."

"He's cute," she told me, smirking.

"Don't be getting any ideas," I joked. "He's taken."

She laughed. "Don't worry. I've already got my eyes on somebody else."

We walked down a short hallway, which had red painted walls and lots of doors.

"So this," she points at the first door we pass. "This is the twins' room. Evan and Elise. They're only 12. Totally adorable."

The door was decorated with soccer and football stickers, and a sign with sloppy handwriting that said, "Evan Rules. Elise Drools." I giggled.

"Next, is Craig's room." The door has nothing on the outside of it, but is slightly open. "You can go in and check it out a little bit. Craig won't mind."

"Um, okay." I pushed the door open, and was bombarded with pictures. "Hmm, I never pictured Craig as I picture guy," I told Sarah.

"Oh, well he's not," she told me, her voice becoming depressed. "He used to be, until his mother died a couple of years ago. He was totally devastated. He even went through this whole depression phase-"

"Enlightening her on my past, are we?" Craig asked from behind us, making me jump.

"She has a right to know," Sarah told him quietly.

Craig shrugged. "Whatever. Just don't talk about it around me, please."

Sarah nodded.

Craig plopped down onto his full sized bed, and stretched his long, peachy colored legs out. He sighed. "Boy, have I missed my bed."

"Okay, c'mon," Sarah said, grabbing my wrist and pulling me out of his room and back into the hall.

There was a tall, tan, brown haired, green eyed boy walking down the hall towards us. Well actually, scratch that. He looked more to be just on the verge of manhood. He was probably 21 or 22.

"Hi, Jake," Sarah said shyly. "This is Jenna. Craig and Ian just went out to Arizona and found her and her boyfriend, Luke. He's downstairs, if you wanna meet him."

"Jake," he said quietly, holding his hand out. We shook hands; his were soft and warm. "Jenna," I told him.

"Well, I'm giving her a tour of the house," Sarah told him. "So um, I guess we'll just see you later."

Jake said goodbye, and walked down the opposite end of the hallway. I looked over to Sarah, who's cheeks were bright pink.

"You like him, don't you?" I asked, making her blush even more.

"He's the only person I get shy around. I don't know why, he just makes me really nervous. All the time."

I grinned at her, and started playfully poking her in the ribs. "It's because you've got a big, fat crush on him." I sang it to her, in probably my worst my voice possible.

She laughed. "Yeah. Well don't tell anybody. The only person that knows is Emelicia. And that's just because she figured it out."

"Emelicia?" I asked.

"Yeah," Sarah smiled, a weird, kind of awkward smile. "She's kind of weird. Her eyes change color according to her mood, and she's always talking to herself in some weird unknown language." Sarah shrugs. "She's nice though. Weird, but nice."

After telling me about the other bedrooms, Sarah led me into what looked like another living room.

There were about six people sitting around. As soon as Sarah spoke, they all turned and stared at me.

"This is Jenna, you guys," Sarah told them. A few waved, and a few smiled.

"Okay, so this is Kevin, the most amazing chef ever," Sarah points to a middle aged looking man, with brown thinning hair, and a pudgy looking face.

"And this is Kaylee. She just turned thirteen a few weeks ago." Kaylee was a cute little blonde, with naturally wavy hair, and dimples on her cheeks.

"This is Ryan, Jim, Marie, and Layla." She introduced the rest of them quickly. "Jim and Marie are Kaylee's parents."

They all waved to me, with smiles on their faces. Maybe this place wouldn't be so bad after all.

The sound of clicking heels on wood came from behind us. I turned around to see a tall, statuesque girl, with bright red wavy hair and a porcelain doll face, with mesmerizing green eyes. She had pale skin, and naturally pink cheeks. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

"That's Haven," Sarah whispered in my ear. "Avoid her at all costs. She's a total bitch."

Haven threw whatever she was holding at the wall, making a loud, shattering sound fill the room. "You know I can hear everything your saying, can't you Sarah?"

Sarah gulped. "Just ignore her."

"Yeah, just ignore me," Haven screeched. "Act like I don't exist. I really don't give a fuck what you do. Just don't talk shit about me while I'm in the same room. "

Haven stalked off, leaving the rest of the room in complete shock. I turned and looked at Sarah.

"What's her problem?" I asked, lowering my voice in hopes of Haven not hearing.

Sarah shrugged her shoulders. "No idea. She's been like that ever since she got here."

~So, yeahh. I didn't fit all of the characters in this chapter. But you'll most likely get to meet more of them in the next few! I tried to fit in a few of your guy's character ideas. It seemed to work out pretty well. In fact, I think I got one from everybody that left a comment, except for one person.... If you know who you are, don't worry!! There will be a very small part about a girl named Mia... it's better than nothing (: Hope you all liked it!~

Chapter 29

The Leapers *Chap. 11

~This chapter is going to be kind of short. Yesterday was Thanksgiving, but we're celebrating today!! I'm leaving soon, but I thought I should try and get one out real quick. Hope you guys like it!~

Chapter 11.

After Sarah had introduced me to a few more people, I ran down the stairs, eager to be back in Luke's arms. But Luke was gone. The only two people left down here were Missy and John.

"Um, do you know where Luke went?" I asked politely.

Missy smiled and pointed to another set of wooden stairs. These ones went down. "Jacob decided to show him to your guys' room. Go check it out."

After dashing down the stairs, I found him and Jacob lounging around in a room that looked like another Living Room.

"Geesh," I said, making the two of them look over at me. Luke grinned. "How many Living Rooms does this place need?"

Jacob shrugged. "There's a lot of people here. We disagree on T.V shows all the time," he told us, looking down at his hands.

Luke lightly nudged him on the shoulder, smiling the whole time. "Aw, c'mon Jake!" He exclaimed. "Jenna won't bite. Right, Jenna?"

I plopped down on Luke's lap, giving him a quick peck on the cheek. "Nope. Not at all."

Jake sighed. "I'm just, kind of shy with new people."

"What about with Sarah?" I asked, instantly regretting it. What if he didn't like her?

His body tensed up, and his eyes suddenly became very alarmed. "What about her?" Through the defensive mask I could see his cheeks begin to burn.

I looked at Luke, and he nodded.

"You like her don't you?!" I exclaimed happily. It was my first day here and I'm already hooking people up.

Jake shrugged. And then the sound of heels on wood came. Again.

We all turned to see Haven walk through the room. She slipped her shoes off, and placed them on the mostly empty shoe rack.

"Um," I said, trying to break the awkward silence. And to get back Luke's attention. Suddenly jealousy rose within me. Haven was stunningly beautiful. Luke had to noticed that. "So have you ever even talked to her?" I asked Jake.

"Yeah," he told me. "I mean, you saw me talk to her earlier today."

"Yeah. But have you ever like, really talked to her?" I asked.

He shrugged. "No, I guess not."

"You should talk to her. She's really nice."

A throat being cleared made us all look up. Haven stood there, looking gorgeous as always. "Marty told me to tell you guys that dinner's being served in an hour. Be up there. You'll be able to meet the whole family."

"Um, ok," I said in a small voice.

Haven stared at me and Luke for a few seconds. I was sitting in his lap, and he had an arm around my waist. Her expression changed from blank, to jealousy. Envy.

She studied Luke for a few seconds, and then afterwards studied me. Her face twisted in what looked like disgust. I watched, shocked, as she gracefully walked back up the stairs and disappeared out of our sight.

Tears collected in my eyes as I realized what she must have been thinking. How could a girl as ordinary looking as me but with such a beautiful guy? I didn't deserve him, and she knew it.

I sniffled, and wiped my nose. "What's wrong?" Luke asked.

I got off of his lap, and walked down the first hallway I saw, in search of a bathroom. I didn't want look to see me like this. That would make me seem even more unattractive.

When I found the bathroom, I closed the door, making sure to lock it. I studied myself in the mirror for a long time.

Peachy colored skin, with pale green eyes, and dark brown, shoulder length hair. My nose was almost perfect for my face, but something still seemed weird about it. My cheeks were naturally pink and plump. My skin wasn't perfect, but it was close. I never wore make up because A. I didn't really need it and B. I didn't have a clue on how to use it.

If it weren't for Haven and her gorgeousness, I would actually consider myself kind of pretty. But with her around, she made me look like an old dog with rabies. (me: haha weird analogy...)

There was a light knock on the door. "Jenna, will you let me in please?" Luke asked from the other side.

I said nothing.

"I already know what you're feeling," he told me. "So let me in. I want to talk to you."

"Then talk," I whispered, knowing fully well that he would be able to hear me.

"Face to face."

I sighed, and decided that there was no need to argue with him anyways. Our relationship would most likely be ending soon. Haven had wanted him; it was so easy to tell. Any guy would drop me for her in a heartbeat.

I opened the door, and was immediately pulled into a hug. Luke closed the door behind him.

"Why are you crying?" Luke whispered, cupping my cheeks in his hands.

"Because I'm not pretty like her," I told him. "And your- you don't deserve to be with someone as plain as me. You deserve her."

"Your right," he whispered. "You're not pretty."

"I'm sorry," I sobbed.

"You're not pretty, Jenna. You're beautiful."

"No, I'm not," I told him sternly.

"Haven's beautiful.... In her own way. And I'm sure lots of guys would love to be with her. But I'm not one of those guys, Jenna. I'm already in love with somebody else."

~Okay, crappy ending. But who cares! Next chapter will just be like a run-on of this one... if that makes sense. HAHA, I have to get off really soon, or else I would make it longer. I've got a big 'ol family waiting for me! Hope you liked it!~

About the Author

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